

THE POLAR QUEST. By Lieut. SHACKLETON
of the "Discovery."

THE

Leisure Hour

NELSON'S DUCHY OF BRONTE. By DOUGLAS SLADEN.



THE WOOING OF SERGEANT MAHONY'S DAUGHTER.

JANUARY 1904

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SIXPENCE

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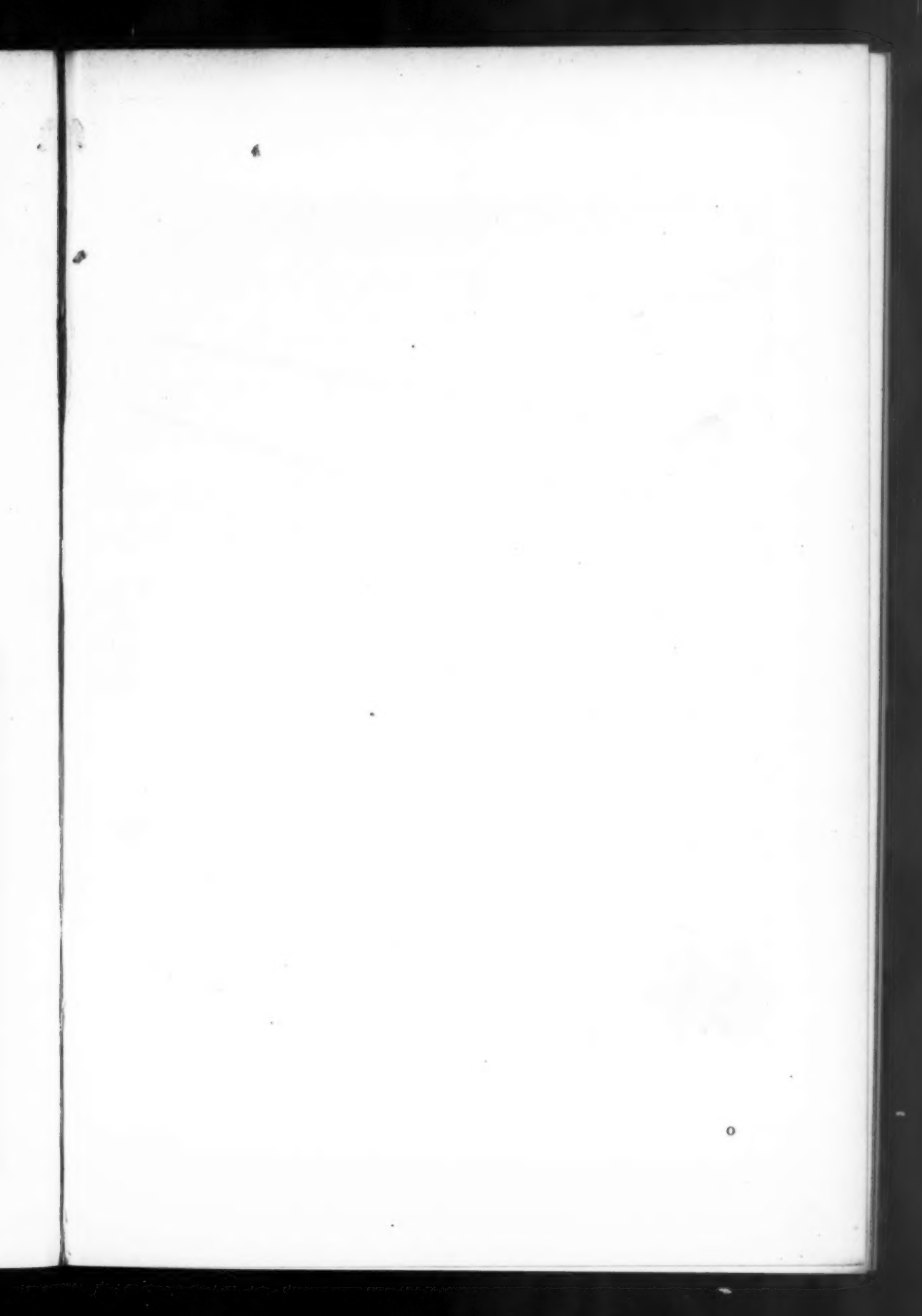
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From the painting by Wagner.

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The Polar Quest

BY E. H. SHACKLETON, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(LATE THIRD LIEUTENANT NATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION)



Photo by *Watt and Sons*
CAPTAIN SCOTT, COMMANDER OF THE
ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

OF late years public and scientific interest have been directed to the hitherto little known South Polar Regions, and in view of the fact that at present there are, or have been within the last year, four separate expeditions to the Antarctic, some of which have relief vessels going out to them, it is not out of place to definitely define the limits and ambitions of these expeditions, and so clear up the mystery at present attached to them in the public mind.

Since Sir James Clark Ross's voyage in 1842 until Sir George Newnes sent out the *Southern Cross*, there has been no real exploration in the Antarctic Seas.

Of late years, however, a stimulus

has been given to exploration, and practically an international scheme for making the unknown known, was entered upon. The following expeditions—the British National, the German National, the Swedish National, and the Scottish National—have been at work trying to elucidate the many geographical and scientific problems.

These four expeditions have been working as far as possible in conjunction, as regards methods, but in different quarters of the Antarctic. The British, as may be seen from the accompanying map, have their winter quarters in what is known as the "Ross Quadrant"; the German in that known as the "Enderby Quadrant"; the Swedes made their quarters near Grahamsland, south of South America; while the Scottish expedition proposed working in the area of the Weddell Sea.

I propose dealing with the British National Antarctic Expedition first.

I had the honour of being on this Expedition, and travelled with Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson on the Southern Sledge Journey, which reached lat. 82° 17' South, by far the most southerly point yet attained. It



Photo by *Watt and Sons*
THE DISCOVERY DIPPING HER ENSIGN IN FAREWELL

The Polar Quest



Photo by Watt and Sons
THE HULL OF THE DISCOVERY

The hole in propeller blade for lifting it by is shown. This view shows shape of hull well.

is needless for me to go into details, as regards this Expedition, for within the last few months the facts have become public property.¹

The *Discovery*, which was built

¹ See also Professor Gregory's article in *The Leisure Hour*, September 1903.

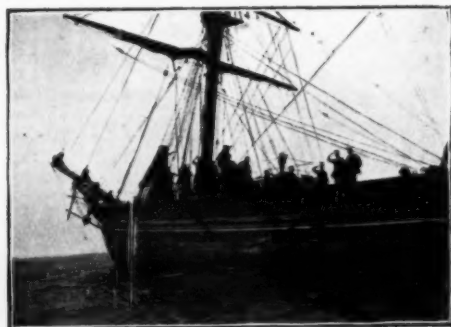


Photo by H. Colbeck
PILOT AND PASSENGERS LEAVING OFF THE START

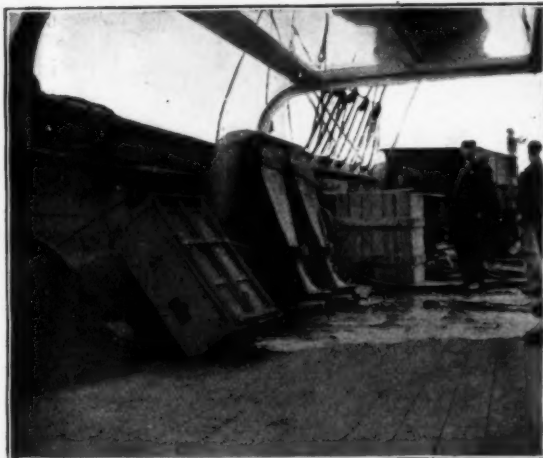


Photo by Watt and Sons

VIEW ON DECK OF THE DISCOVERY, SHOWING ICE HELM AND SPARE PROPELLER BLADES STOWED FOR CARRYING

The iron box in foreground is a portable forge.

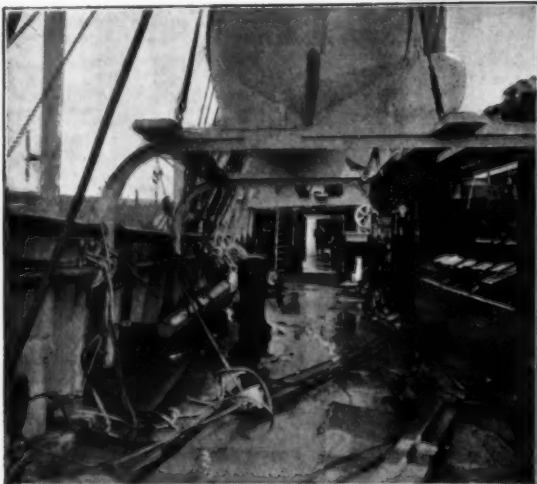


Photo by Watt and Sons
THE DISCOVERY, LOOKING FROM STEM ON PORT SIDE

The room at the bridge ladder is a deck laboratory for examining the dredgings.

by the Dundee Shipbuilding Company, proved herself a staunch and worthy vessel, nobly standing the buffeting of those ice-clad Southern Seas. She wintered in lat. 77° 50' South, and from there various sledge parties proceeded East, West, and South, encountering the usual dangers inseparable to Polar exploration; but fortunately only one life was lost. The ship was frozen in, in February 1902, and still remains there; but it is hoped that with the returning sun and the use of explosives she may be freed from her icy fetters.

On the initiative of Sir Clements

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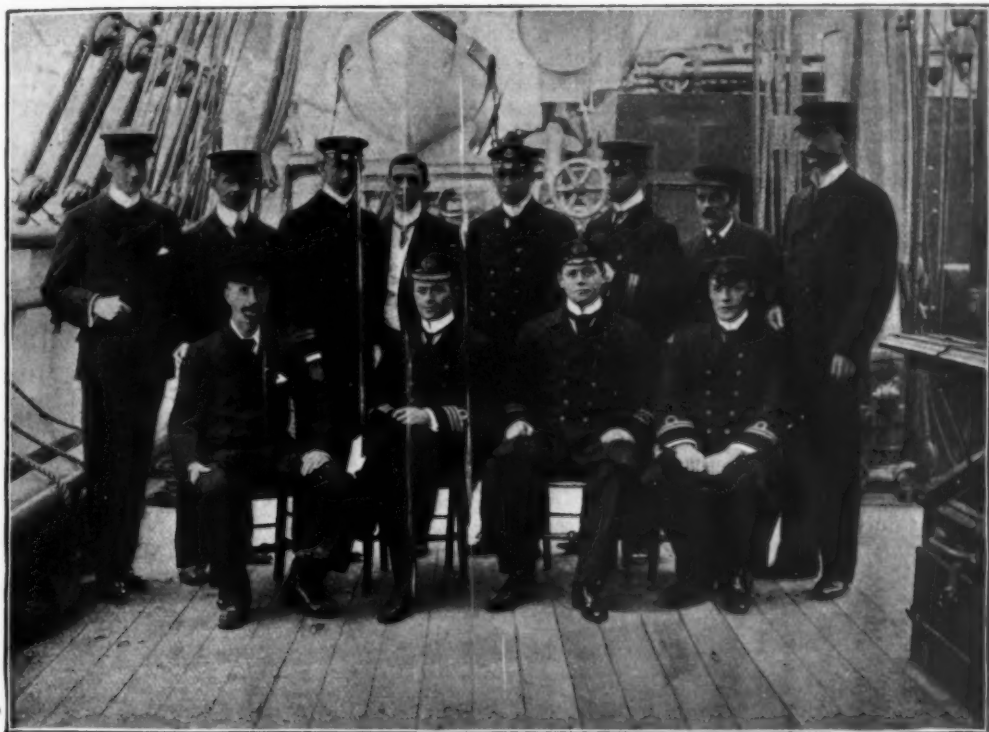


Photo by

Messrs. Thomson

OFFICERS OF THE DISCOVERY

Markham, the energetic President of the Royal Geographical Society, to whom, indeed, the organising of the whole expedi-



Photo by

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THREE OFFICERS OF THE DISCOVERY:

LIEUT. ROYDS. LIEUT. ARMITAGE. LIEUT. SHACKLETON.

tion is due, a relief vessel was purchased, called the *Morning*. She arrived within five miles of the *Discovery* on the 23rd of January last. The sick and injured were taken on board, and she returned to New Zealand. Since then the Admiralty has taken over the next relief of the ice-bound *Discovery*, and another supplementary vessel, the *Terra Nova*, was purchased, manned by a crew of whalers, and proceeded in tow of H.M. cruisers through the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, and joined the *Morning* at Hobart, Tasmania. They will go down to the ice together, and hope to come back with the *Discovery* to New Zealand. Captain Colbeck, who so ably commanded the *Morning*, is in supreme command of the Relief Expedition. It is not possible for me to go more into detail with regard to the work done by the British Expedition, it is sufficient to say that it has been entirely successful.

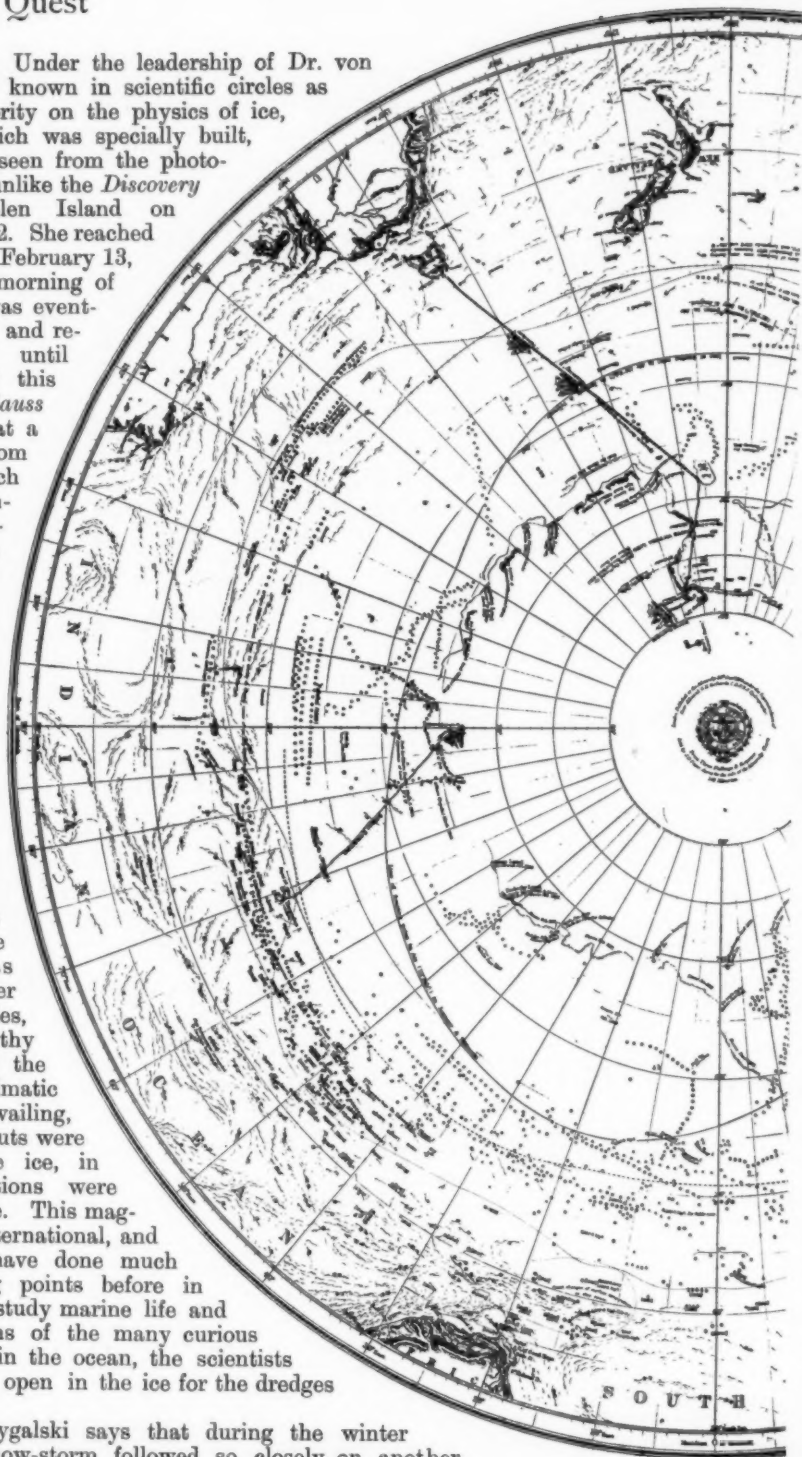
The German National Expedition, which proceeded under the direct auspices of the German Emperor, has now accomplished its

The Polar Quest

valuable work. Under the leadership of Dr. von Drygalski, well known in scientific circles as the great authority on the physics of ice, the *Gauss*—which was specially built, and, as may be seen from the photograph, is quite unlike the *Discovery*—left Kerguelen Island on January 31, 1902. She reached the pack ice on February 13, 1902; on the morning of the 22nd she was eventually frozen in, and remained there until February 8 of this year. The *Gauss* was frozen in at a short distance from the land, which was almost entirely snow-covered, there being only one bare hill, which was of volcanic structure, and has been christened "Gaussberg."

The newly-discovered coast of the Atlantic land was called "Kaiser Wilhelm II. Coast." The scientific work of the Germans was pursued under great difficulties, with praiseworthy zeal in spite of the very adverse climatic conditions prevailing, and magnetic huts were erected on the ice, in which observations were constantly made. This magnetic work is international, and the Germans have done much towards solving points before in obscurity. To study marine life and obtain specimens of the many curious animals found in the ocean, the scientists kept two holes open in the ice for the dredges to go through.

Dr. von Drygalski says that during the winter months one snow-storm followed so closely on another,



ICE CHART OF

The Polar Quest

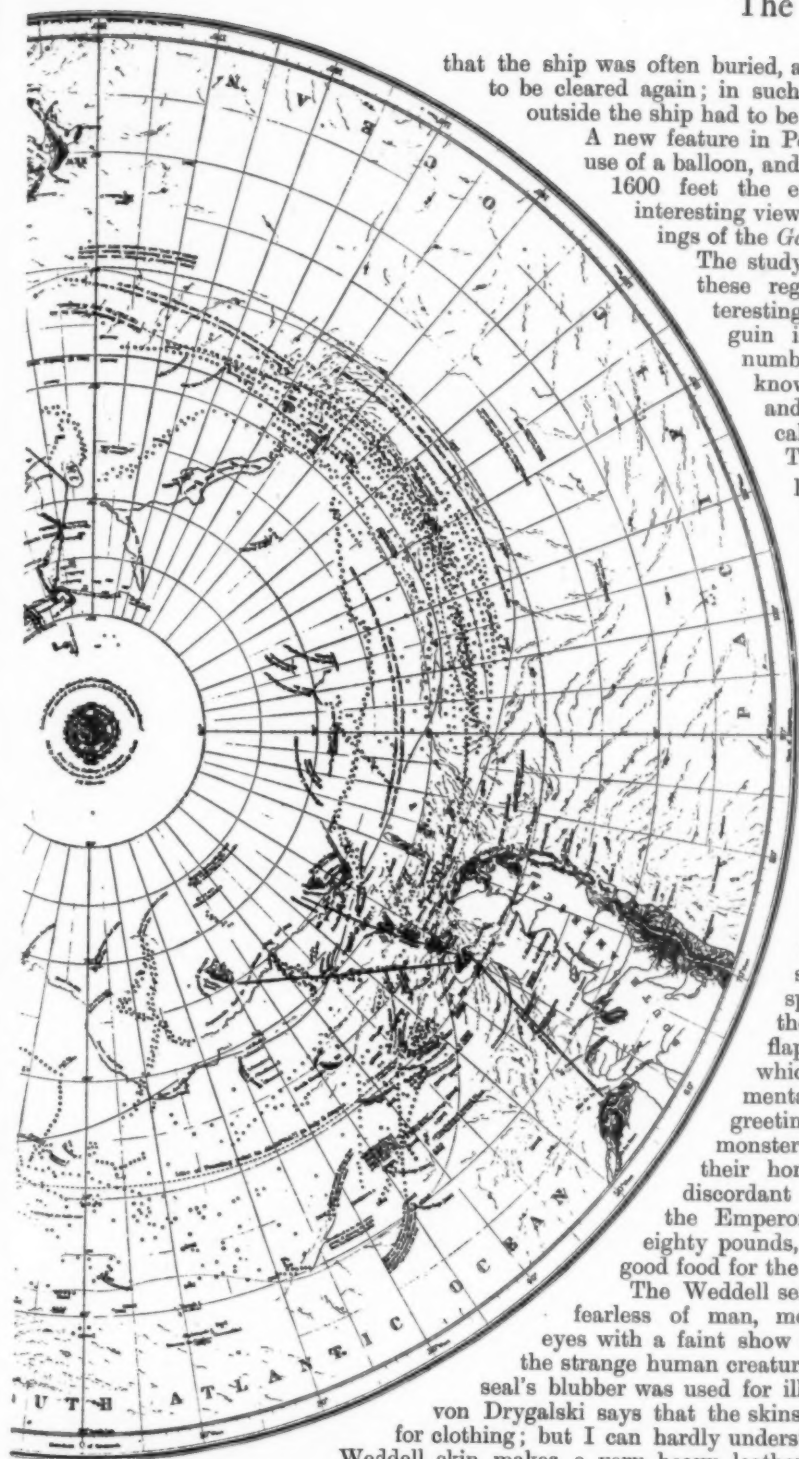
that the ship was often buried, and each time had to be cleared again; in such weather all work outside the ship had to be left undone.

A new feature in Polar work was the use of a balloon, and from a height of 1600 feet the explorers obtained interesting views of the surroundings of the *Gauss*.

The study of animal life in these regions is most interesting; the quaint penguin is there in large numbers, both the small, known as the Adélie, and the larger one called the Emperor.

Though the Emperor is the larger bird, it does not show the same curiosity as the smaller, for the Adélie seems absolutely fearless and rushes towards intruders, while the Emperor moves off slowly and majestically. They were very interesting to watch in the water, as they dived through the waves like shoals of dolphin, springing up on the ice occasionally, flapping their carpi, which are the rudimentary wings, and greeting the strange monster penetrating to their homes with weird, discordant cries. Some of the Emperors weigh up to eighty pounds, and they make good food for the dogs.

The Weddell seal is also utterly fearless of man, merely rolling its eyes with a faint show of interest when the strange human creatures intrude. The seal's blubber was used for illumination. Dr. von Drygalski says that the skins were often used for clothing; but I can hardly understand this, for the Weddell skin makes a very heavy leather, and I should



THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

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Photo by *Watt and Sons*
C. W. ROYDS, LIEUT. R.N.
(DISCOVERY)

think most difficult to cure, especially with the limited means at the disposal of explorers. The small petrel, commonly known as Mother Carey's Chicken, was also very plentiful.

The German explorers increased their knowledge of the locality surrounding the vessel by carefully planned and carried out sledge expeditions. The leader, taking parties out, even in the winter, gained much knowledge of the meteorological, zoological, and geological conditions. The cold was intense on these journeys, sometimes minus 22° Fahr. On February 8 of this year the explorers were released from

winter quarters by the breaking up of the ice, and Dr. von Drygalski tried to push still further south. The furthest south attained by this Expedition was 66° 30' South. To those living at home in comfort, it is hard to realise the difficulties that beset such an Expedition in the pursuit of science. The *Gauss* had her propeller broken off in the pack ice and was in constant danger



Photo by *Watt and Sons*
R. SKELTON, R.N.
CHIEF ENGINEER, DISCOVERY



Photo by *H. Colbeck*
OFFICERS OF THE MORNING



Photo by *Turner and Drinkwater*
CAPTAIN W. COLBECK, OF THE RELIEF
SHIP MORNING

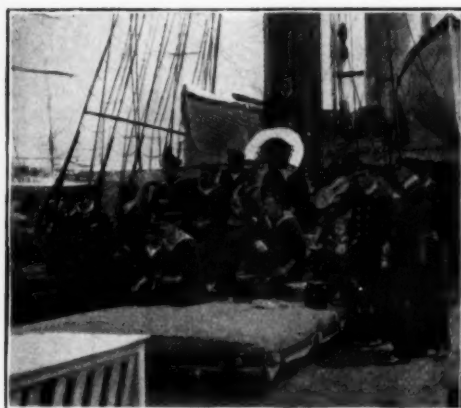


Photo by *H. Colbeck*
CREW OF THE MORNING

The Polar Quest

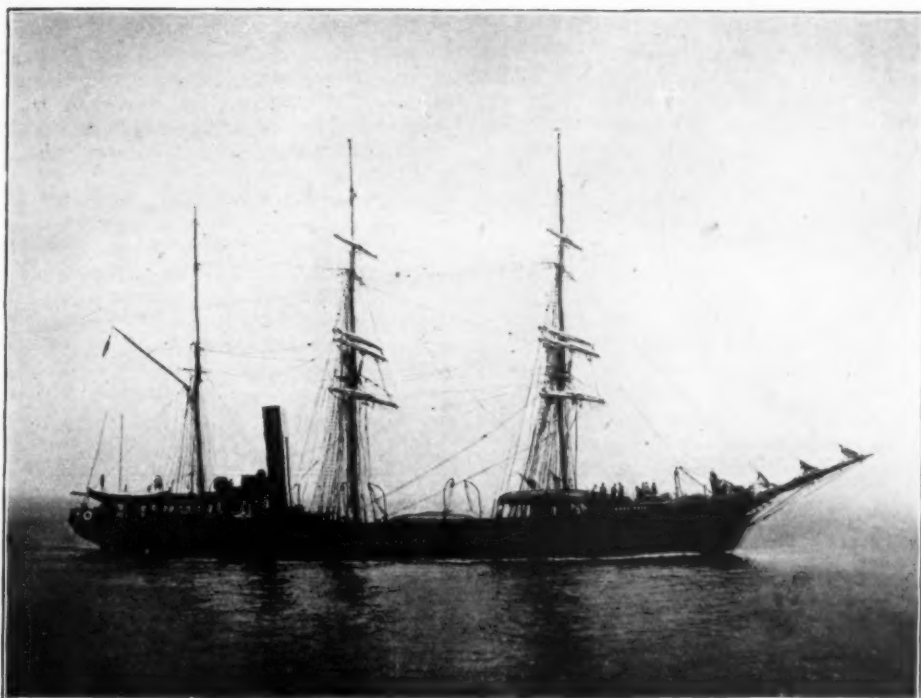


Photo by

TERRA NOVA, RELIEF SHIP

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from the huge blocks that battered her sides. No news was heard of Dr. von Drygalski till May 14 of this year, and the German Government, anxious for the safety of their gallant explorers, was contemplating the dispatch of a relief vessel, when the joyful news arrived, that they were safe and successful. About the time this article appears, they will be home in Germany.

I will now deal with the Swedish Expedition.

The leader of this Expedition is Dr. Otto



Photo by

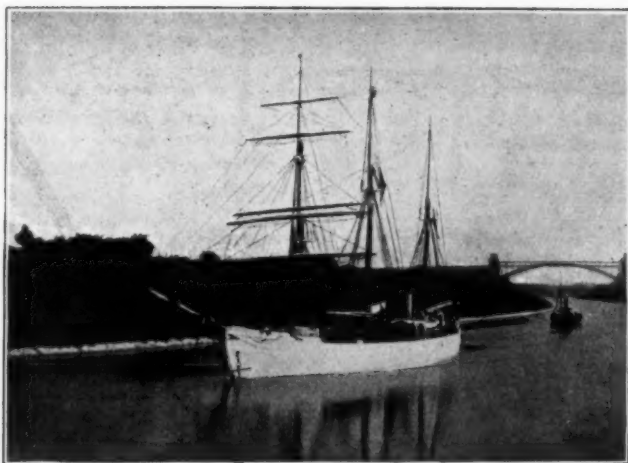
TERRA NOVA: CAPTAIN AND CREW

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The Polar Quest



DR. ERICH VON DRYGALSKI,
LEADER OF THE GERMAN
EXPEDITION



THE GERMAN EXPEDITION SHIP GAUSS

the first sea journey from the Behring Straits right through the Arctic Sea to Europe. His vessel, the *Vega*, has lately been lost, having been crushed in the ice, and her crew only just managed to jump clear before she sank; some of these men have since joined the *Terra Nova*, the

British relief ship. Dr. Nordenskjöld's son has devoted his attention to Antarctic exploration, and left Staten Island early in January 1902 in the steam barque *Antarctic*. The course was directed to the South Shetland Islands, and a good deal of scientific work was done in that locality, and though no flowering plants were discovered, mosses and lichens were obtained, also many fossils. The Expedition then explored some of the islands



LIEUT. GYLDEN, COMMANDER OF SWEDISH
RELIEF EXPEDITION



FRITHIOF, SWEDISH RELIEF SHIP

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close to Belgica Strait before proceeding further south. Unfortunately they were not able to reach further than 66° South, and as it was too early to prepare for their winter station, they worked along the ice pack towards the east in order to explore. Having made many interesting observations, and the summer being far in advance, they returned to a place which they had selected for winter quarters in Admiralty Inlet at the edge of the great Snow Hill Glacier. The geology of this locality is very interesting, and the leader hoped to do good work. The winter party consists of Dr. Nordenskjöld, a meteorologist and magnetician (Dr. Bodman), Lieut. Sobral, assistant magnetician, Dr. Ekelaf, physician and biologist, and two sailors. The *Antarctic* was sent back to the Falklands with orders to return in January of this year and take off the shore party.

Dr. Nordenskjöld in his report stated, that if nothing was heard of him by June of this year it would be a sign that he was in great danger, and would require assistance. Unfortunately this evidently has come to pass, and serious doubts are entertained as to the safety of the Expedition. The result has been that three Relief Expeditions are now on their way to try and find the hardy explorers who have risked so much for Science.

I will describe these Relief Expeditions.

The Swedish Government decided to dispatch a vessel in search of Dr. Nordenskjöld, and the steamer *Frithiof*, under command of Lieut. Gylden of the Swedish Navy, who previously made a successful expedition to Spitzbergen, is now on its way. He met the French relief vessel *Français* at Funchal, and the two commanders decided to co-operate.

The French Expedition under Dr. Charcot, son of the great hypnotist, had intended exploring in the North Polar regions; but on hearing of the danger of his fellow-explorers, the leader gave up that project to co-operate with the Swedes in the rescue of Dr. Nordenskjöld. His ship, the *Français*, was on the way, but unfortunately at the start a fatal accident to one of the men necessitated their return to port. They left Brest on July 30. The third Relief Expedition was fitted out by the Argentine Government.

It was from Buenos Ayres that the Swedes originally left, and amongst the wintering shore party is an Argentine officer,

Lieutenant Sobral, so, recognising their responsibility, the Argentine Government immediately arranged for the relief, cabling to London orders to Commander Iriszar to fit out an Expedition at once. Having no wooden vessel available themselves, they have sheathed one of their gun-boats, the *Uruguay*, in teak so that she may withstand the pressure of the pack ice. Commander Iriszar, the Argentine Naval Attaché in London, has had great experience in the Magellan Straits—notorious for bad weather—and the Government could not have picked a better man for the work; assisted by the Geographical Society, in six weeks' time everything was prepared and he had left England to take his vessel out. These three Relief Expeditions will co-operate, and everybody wishes them success in their humane and arduous enterprise. Shortly after this article appears we may be expecting news from the ice.¹

I now come to the last, the Scottish Expedition.

Mr. Bruce, the leader, has been in the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to the North, and is a most enthusiastic explorer. In spite of great financial difficulties, he was eventually able to equip an expedition.

The ship, formerly a whaler, named the *Hekla*, was practically re-built, and re-christened the *Scotia*. She is a barque-rigged auxiliary screw-steamer of about 400 tons, and I may say in passing that this is the most convenient size for all vessels doing Polar work.

The captain of the *Scotia*, Captain Peterson, has had over twenty years' experience of Arctic navigation, and twelve years ago made a voyage to the Antarctic.

Mr. Bruce's intention is to devote himself more especially to



Photo by Thomson
LIEUT. SHACKLETON,
F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

¹ Since going to press the good news has arrived that Dr. Nordenskjöld has been rescued by the Argentine Expedition. His vessel had been crushed in the ice, and the explorers were in great straits.

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oceanographical problems, his vessel not being suitable for magnetic work. He hopes to winter, if possible, in the Weddell Sea, and expects to drift with the pack ice so that he may make extensive biological collections as the vessel moves over new ground.

The Weddell Sea, which is the explorers' goal, was named after a Captain Weddell, who in 1823 took his little vessel down to these seas, and on reaching lat. $74^{\circ} 15'$ South found an open ocean and no ice. Since then many other explorers have tried to enter, but have always been stopped by heavy ice; we sincerely trust that Mr. Bruce may be successful, but it will not be till

next March that any news can arrive, for he only left Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, at the end of last January. I hope that with the aid of the map my readers will be able to clear up whatever doubts exist in their minds with regard to the position of these Expeditions.

In conclusion, just one word in reply to those who ask, what are the practical results to be obtained? It must be admitted that the actual monetary results are *nil*, but the theoretical knowledge gained is of great value to Science, and the information as to meteorology and magnetism will directly influence and prove of practical use to navigation.

In All Time of Our Wealth

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII

"The mill can never grind again with the water that is passed."



"WANT you to understand," said Mr. Hutton suavely, "that I rely on you, Beddows, to see that all my conditions are observed."

"Yes, sir."

Beddows standing, looking down at him, fancied with a touch of contempt that he had never seen a more grotesque object than the old man in his padded silk dressing-gown, his withered face more ghastly in comparison with the brilliant sunlight pouring through the unshuttered windows straight upon him. He was sitting in a comfortable room in the Hotel Reale, with every modern comfort about him, but the same restlessness of discomfort that always characterised him in Lester Street.

"I know that you are thinking, what is it all for, Beddows; why am I doing it again, when last time it all ended so disastrously? But Stephen Hellard is of a different order to Monty Nash, and where Monty—poor chap—went to the bad his own way, Stephen will never do such a thing. Drink does not

tempt him as it did Monty, for he has always had his head in the clouds, and is a man of the greatest nicety. But, Beddows, I want to prove to my satisfaction that there is such a thing as an upright man left in the world. Hellard will go to a certain point, I dare stake my word, but he will never pass the boundary line that divides honour from dishonour."

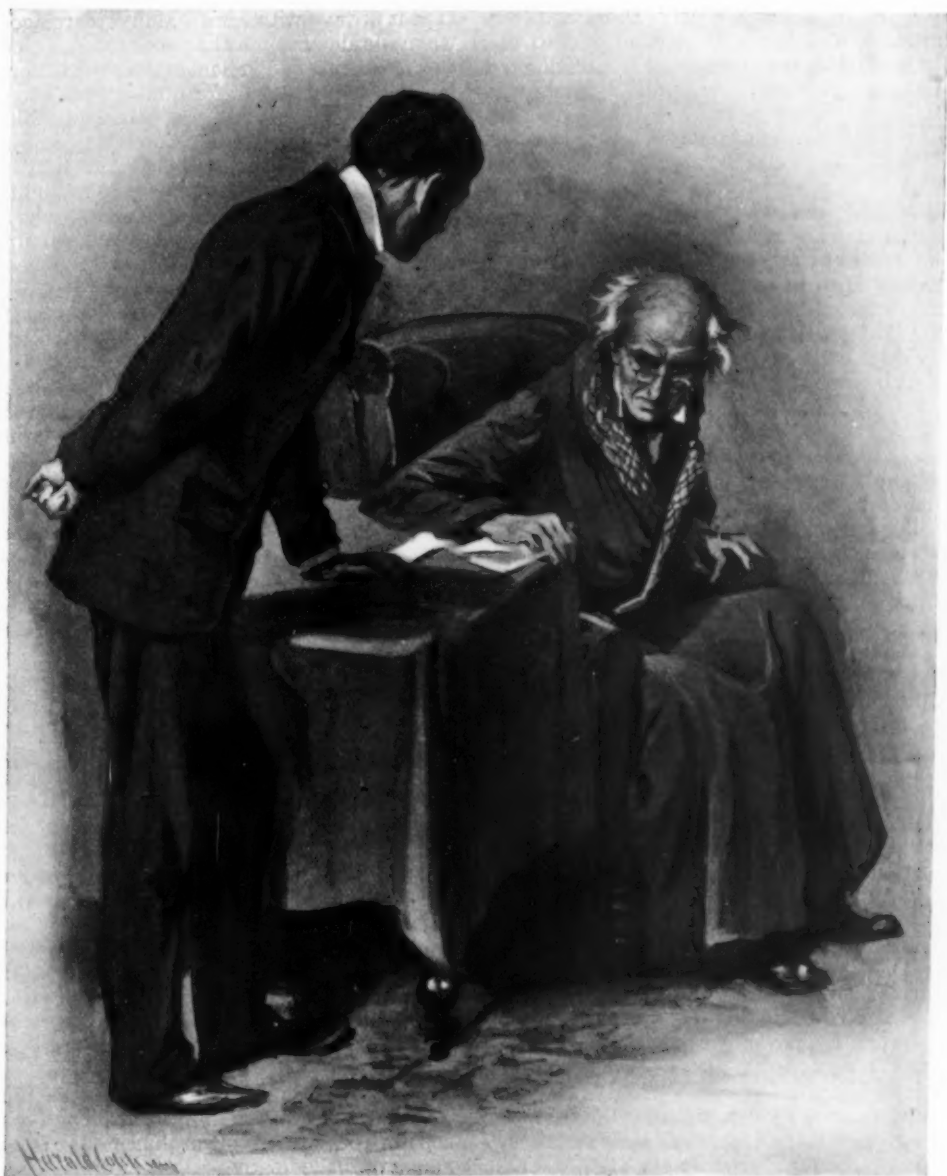
"You are a strange mixture, Mr. Hutton," said Beddows, with the freedom that betrayed him as something only a little lower than an intimate of the elder man's. "You have the name, I believe, sir, in the world of a hard man, with only one interest in life—and that—money: with only one ambition—to make Jabez Hutton's million the curse to others that it has been to yourself. But in reality——"

"In reality," answered Hutton quickly, "Jabez's million is the touchstone that tries a suffering humanity. When it has discovered a man strong enough to resist, it will found the hospital for which I originally intended it."

"It is astonishing to me, sir, that you refuse to turn it to your own uses."

"I suppose you feel that if this money was within your own grasp it would found no hospital?"

"I should find no difficulty in disposing of it, sir."



"BUT IT IS A DARING EXPERIMENT, MR. HUTTON"

"But the chance will never be yours. Your nature is not hovering between the highest and the lowest path in life. The world thinks me a cracked old man, I am sure, but some day there will be a few people who will look upon me as a public benefactor."

Joseph Hutton turned in his chair and laid his hand upon a pile of papers.

"You have watched Mr. Hellard leave the woman he loves; you have watched him with his brother; and you say that there is yet another trial awaiting him in Taormina?"

In All Time of Our Wealth

"There is Lady Cicely Dare and the attraction of her set, as compared to the chance of his coming across Mrs. Holland's brother and his wife and child. There will lie temptation for him, but if he once gets on board Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, the *Sea Nymph*, I should not say much for his chance of escape from marriage with Lady Cicely."

"And marriage with her would be the final ruin of a life that has much promise in it. How can you manage that he shall come across these old acquaintances?"

"That will be arranged," said Beddows quietly. "It will also be put before him that he must choose between them and the money. But it is a daring experiment, Mr. Hutton. Supposing that you kill all the good in him at one blow?"

There was something very earnest in the man's voice. He had in that moment laid aside his suave servant's manner, and it became apparent that the business in which he had embarked meant more to him than the mere earning of a comfortable competence for himself.

"Frank Beddows, you have known me for twenty years now, and when I helped you out of the tightest corner in which a man could be, you remember that you vowed to devote your life to my service, unquestioningly," returned Hutton steadily. "If you are tired of the work already, let me know now."

"I am not tired of it, sir; I am only anxious."

"And you have no right to any feelings of your own; you are merely a private detective."

There was no trace of a sneer in Hutton's voice, merely a steady determination to keep the man's mind upon the goal before him.

When Beddows had gone Joseph Hutton sank back huddled into his chair like a very old man.

"I hope it will work out for the best," he said, his thin fingers moving anxiously backwards and forwards over the letter he held. "There were two women I loved—one was my sister and the other was—Janie Hellard. Monty Nash, my nephew, was not strong enough to stand the test—he would have done no good in the world, and was better out of it—but Stephen, unless I am mistaken, is made of different stuff. If he goes under, it will break my heart."

The letter he held in his hand had been written by Hellard's dead mother, and he

kept it always with him. Many years ago, when Janie French had been a girl of seventeen, he had fallen in love with her, but her heart was not for him—it had been given to Stephen's father, and the letter told him so in tender, womanly words. He knew every syllable by heart; he could repeat it now as he sat there in the southern sunlight.

He had acted ignobly after that letter had come to him, for he had shut himself up from his fellow-creatures, and until Stephen Hellard crossed his path, he had lived an utterly selfish existence, divided between his rooms in Lester Street and the little island of Sicily where he owned a few acres of vineyard on the Bronte slopes. Stephen had roused the slumbering man in him, and although he had taken many months to form the resolution that had so recently taken shape within him, yet now that it was formed, he was a man with but one purpose in life—to try the child of the only woman he had ever loved in the furnace of temptation. His half-crazed brain held no idea of sterner trial than existed between poverty and wealth. Once in his own life the choice had come to him, and finding no blessing in the money that his father had bequeathed to him, earned at such prodigious cost, he was strong enough to lay it aside, and to take up his life on the simpler income of seven hundred a year that had come to him from his mother.

Sometimes he fancied that the cry of those who had been crushed down to the very earth to wring that fortune from their despair, sounded in his ear. Unjust usury and extortion had brought it to his father, and he had died with the miserable sense of remorse upon him. Joseph Hutton could remember that death-bed now—even after the flight of so many years. He was certain that the spirits of the poor whom his father had oppressed were present by his dying pillow, and that instead of the angels to close his eyes with loving, pitiful hands, the sobs of the widow and orphan rang in his ears and made death a stern journey.

Even as an old man he could remember the remorse on the dying face, and the white, shaking figure of his mother, to whom that death meant freedom from tyranny. There were no tears shed in that room, and the pity of it struck him now with an intolerable sense of the horror of such a life—such a death. All his life long, Jabez Hutton had lived each day to pile up gold upon gold, and when death caught him

In All Time of Our Wealth

unawares, it was with a grudging terror that he lay down in his last illness. His life had been spent for himself alone, and his death found him without one good deed to record—not one human creature who could rise up and call him blessed.

The old man, who had been young then, went rapidly through those past days as he sat in that sunbright hotel room with his head upon his hand. In spite of the warning of his father's last words he had used the fortune bequeathed to him for some years, until his love affair with Janie French arrested him and turned his thoughts in upon himself.

As old Jabez lay dying, he had turned and caught at his son's hand with eyes that bore the suffering of all remorseful souls in their depths. "It has done me no good, my son," he could hear the weak voice say: "it has done me no good. If you value your soul, do not use a penny for yourself."

He wondered now whether the sins of his father and the stain on his name would be done away. Surely God would see that he had done his best to help human nature by teaching a lesson from that very money itself; and though the lesson had been preached in his own way, yet it had not cost him the less pain when he realised the frailty of men where money was in the balance weighed against a noble life of hard work. Was that ill-gotten fortune destined to go its way destroying the lives of men upon its path, instead of helping them and lifting them higher? Would it never be shown that he was doing all that lay in his power to show men the impotence of wealth to bestow happiness in life? He had proved it to the hilt, that the blessing of God rested on a noble life spent for others, even were it surrounded only by what poverty could give.

He shut his eyes now and prayed that to Stephen Hellard the light might come, and if his prayer was as crazed and extravagant as his brain, yet it was none the less an honest one. He felt exhausted by the interview and the emotion that had shaken him, and leaning back in his chair, he touched the bell, and his servant brought him the restorative that he was accustomed to take at such times.

"I am an old man," he said to himself painfully. "A very old man—and I feel the weight of my seventy-nine years very heavily to-day. God grant that I may be spared to see Stephen Hellard prove himself a child of God."

Then he settled himself in his long chair for a sleep, and in that sleep he dreamt that the spirit of Stephen's gentle mother came to visit him. He thought that he was walking in the spring fields among the Devon woods, and that the may was out upon the hedges like snow-wreaths, and he thought that Janie came up to him with her lovely flower-like face and laid her hand in his, looking very earnestly at him. "Thank you," she said. "You have saved my boy's soul alive," and with the tender notes of her voice in his ear, Mr. Hutton awoke with the tears upon his face.

CHAPTER VIII

"As we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious helpful ministry."

WHEN Stephen Hellard, with the child's hand still gripping his arm tightly, walked up the path between the luxuriant orange bushes, he felt a certain amount of excitement as to the new adventure fortune was bringing him. The small warm fingers drawing him on so confidently, filled him with a sense of his power of protection, and he began to ask questions of his guide.

"You must tell me your name," he said, "and what is the matter with your mother, and then I can make up my mind what to do."

The child checked her tears with marvellous self-control for her age.

"My name is Molly Vesey," she said, "and mother has fainted and we cannot bring her round again. Her heart is very weak, and we are frightened, father and I. He is an invalid, and he cannot walk."

"Have you no servants in the house?"

"We have one, Maria, but she is out shopping in Taormina. We cannot go out of our garden very often because the people here are not kind to us."

Molly ended with a little sob, and Hellard realised that there was some mysterious trouble overshadowing the household, that he must unravel at his leisure. The new interest and excitement was just what he needed at the moment, and he quickened his steps.

"Let us hurry," he said. "Poor mother may be needing us very much."

He realised the shabbiness of Molly's gown, and the unkempt look of the garden,

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which was a beautiful blossoming wilderness. No pruning hand had been laid upon the olive trees for some time evidently, and the orange bushes, brilliant with ruddy fruit and fragrant with snowy blossoms, were sorely in need of attention.

The house was bounded by a high wall that ran round it in a circle, and was a low, white building, green-shuttered at every side, with a flight of steps running up to the front door.

As they approached, a dog barked hoarsely from his kennel, but was quieted by Molly's voice.

"Come along quickly," she said as she ran up the steps into the house, and he needed no second invitation. The small entrance hall opened on to a long, low room, very poorly furnished with the heavy mahogany furniture that is characteristic of the Sicilian house. There were muslin curtains in the windows, drawn tightly across the pane, and a straw carpet upon the lava floor, while a bowl of roses and creeping trails of caper blossom made a spot of beauty in what was bare and sordid. On the sofa a woman was lying breathing quickly in sharp gasps of pain, while in an invalid chair a young man, evidently her husband, was watching her with keen anxiety, and now and again lifting her head higher on the pillow.

"Molly, is that you? Did you see Maria coming back? Thank God! your mother is better—but who is that with you?"

His ear had caught the strange step, although, helpless as he was, he could not turn quickly to discover Hellard's identity for himself. His face had sharpened a little with fear, but Molly's next words relieved him.

"It is a strange gentleman, father—an Englishman," she said, with a thrill of delight in her voice.

"I am glad to see an English face, especially now that our servant is out and my wife has one of her attacks."

Hellard without replying knelt down by the sofa and raised the helpless woman to the open window in his strong arm. He had in his pocket a small flask of wine that he was in the habit of carrying on any long mountain excursion, and he was thankful for its presence now as he held it to the invalid's lips and watched the colour steal slowly back to the deathly face.

"She is better now," he said briefly,

after a few moments, laying her back on the sofa and turning for the first time to speak to the master of the house. He owned to some curiosity as to the family, for the sick woman's face was that of a lady of gentle birth, although her hands were roughened by hard work. She was aged by suffering that had lined her face and whitened her dark hair, and her shabby gown did not disguise the painful thinness of her figure.

"I am glad," Stephen said; then paused suddenly with a sense that the world was reeling round with him, for the face of the bent man in the chair was that of Grant Vesey, Mary Holland's eldest brother, who had broken off all connexion with his family when he had married, as his father had stubbornly insisted, beneath him, by taking to wife a girl who had been a nursery governess in a neighbouring family. The pride of the old man had never relented, and fifteen years ago, when Mary Holland had been the age of the little Molly at his side, Grant Vesey had disappeared from society with all the fortune he possessed, namely, the two thousand pounds that had been bequeathed to him by his grandfather when he came of age. He had gradually died out from the memory of all his relations, and Stephen knew that even Mary Holland had ceased to wonder where he was, since it was plain that he preferred to be hidden from the world.

The recognition was not mutual, and for a moment Hellard was silent in sheer amazement. Then he said, "You are Grant Vesey—I remember your face."

The man looked slowly up, his face working with some emotion that presently found its vent in a sob.

"I do not know who you are," he said painfully; "I cannot recall you—but I can thank God if He has sent a friend in our hour of need."

"I am Stephen Hellard—we used to be children together."

"Stephen Hellard! Mary's little sweetheart as we used to call you—what a marvellous coincidence!"

His thin right hand went out towards his old friend, and Hellard grasped it warmly. Englishmen are never very demonstrative in their expression towards one another, but Stephen knew that there was a depth of emotion under the helpless man's quiet exterior that was shaking him to the very core.

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"I always told you, Grant," said a weak voice from the sofa, "that day is nearest when the clouds are darkest, and they could not have been darker with us."

Mrs. Vesey had recovered, and Stephen, glancing at her, saw that in other and happier circumstances she might have been a pretty woman, but that trouble and sorrow seemed to have robbed her of her youth too early.

"Nell, dearest," said her husband, taking her hand tenderly, "you must not excite yourself at all; you must let me talk to Mr. Hellard. I am thankful to see you better."

She nodded and smiled at him, and Stephen could read in her face the story of a brave woman who, in spite of illness and poverty, had kept up her husband's spirits, and had resolutely determined to regard the bright side of life in the midst of so much that was dark.

"Pray tell me how I can help you," he said, carried out of himself by his sympathy with their evident distress. "Perhaps it would be better if you told me the whole story of your life as briefly as possible, and the events that have brought you here."

"Tell him, Grant," said Mrs. Vesey; "it will be such a relief to tell some one at last."

Stephen sat down in a chair with the shadow upon his face so that he might see and not be seen.

"You know, when I married my wife, I offended my father, and we came out here, for Nell knew the place well, and was sure that we could do a great deal more with a small capital than would have been possible in England. So we bought a vineyard that was then in the market, and for some years we succeeded in earning a modest income, quite enough to keep the wolf from the door, and our workmen were happy with me, and my wife taught Molly and kept the house going. But you know what a difficult country Sicily is to keep friendly in if your ways are not the ways of the people; and last year we got into a difficulty with one of the men and dismissed him for impertinence. The same day the poor fellow died very mysteriously, and it was said that I had poisoned him. Even my long connexion with the place and our unvarying sympathy with the people did not help us then, and his family banded themselves together and determined to make our lives a misery. I do not know

that they would actually have gone so far as to murder me, but certainly some one managed to disable me nine months ago by shooting me in the back. It may have been an accident—the man said so when charged with it—but the result was the same, for here I am, helpless and crippled. It is impossible to get on with my work, for no one will work for me except one faithful Sicilian woman, and I cannot return to England, for we have no funds. We are now living on our capital, which is dwindling day by day; and besides that, we go in fear of some further mischance happening to one or other of us, and the anxiety is wearing my wife to death: but what can we do?"

It was a pitiful story, told in a manly, straightforward fashion, and in it Hellard realised as he had never done before the mighty passion that underlies the phlegmatic exterior of those children of the sun. Revenge is so essentially part of a Sicilian's life that he never pauses to think of the vileness of the sin, and neither in religion nor education are they taught to uproot a characteristic that is now a second nature. To the outward eye they are extremely devout, but it is to be doubted whether their religion goes further than the church door, to be donned and doffed there.

"What a tragedy of a story," cried Hellard warmly, then paused suddenly as he remembered, with a pang that seemed to strike at the very roots of his life, that he could by the terms of his agreement do nothing to help them.

"What can I do for you?" he said confusedly, rising from his seat. "I will write to your sister for you, Grant, and— and see what is possible to be done."

It was horrible to him to realise that these poor friends must think his words inadequately lame, and he could see the sudden expression of chill that swept across Grant Vesey's face.

"You need not be afraid, Stephen; they would not hurt you because you might be seen in our company."

"Do you think I am a coward?" cried Hellard hotly, then realised that his attitude must be quite incomprehensible to Grant Vesey. "You are quite mistaken about me," he concluded helplessly. "I shall find out what I can do for you, and at any rate, I can write to Mary."

He shook hands with Grant and his

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wife, while Molly stood ready in silence to escort him to the outer gate.

"I know your little cousin Gabriel," he said gently.

"Did you know, Grant, that Mary married Mr. Holland of Casuabon, and when he died it was found that there was nothing left for his wife and child?"

"No one writes to me now—I know nothing," said Grant sadly. "I thought that Mary would marry you."

All the blood in Hellard's body seemed to rush to his face.

"She did not care for me," he said.

"She was very happy with her husband."

"Is she happy now, and comfortable?"

Hellard felt miserably guilty. "When last I saw her, she was well—and I think happy. Her address is 100, Verner Street," he said abruptly, feeling that if Grant should know how he had deserted her, and how untrue he had been to his own heart, he would feel the contempt for him that a man who has risked all for love must do. "Good-bye," he said again, and hurried away down the path. He bent down to kiss the little girl at the gate, and pushed something into her hand that crackled as he parted with it. "Take this from your little cousin Gabriel," he said awkwardly.

"No, I cannot, thank you," said Molly, shutting her eyes resolutely, so that she might not see the tempting slip of paper. "Mother would not like it," and Stephen felt that he was frustrated at every turn.

He turned and looked at her as she stood holding the gate back and watching him down the steep path. Her trim little figure in its shabby frock was the last thing he saw as he climbed down again to Taormina. She reminded him somehow of Mary Holland in the delicate prettiness of her face, and her eyes had the same pathetic shadow in their blue depths. His thoughts flew back to Verner Street and his life there. Softened by the distance of days, it did not look so terrible to him as it had done when he was living it out and every moment was charged with discontent. If he had thrown more heart into his work, he might have made a success of it, for certainly he had talent, though the mere drudgery of writing was distasteful to him. But he had never owned that good heart that eases work, and had ever desired what was out of his reach, and spent his life crying for the

unattainable. He bitterly reproached himself now that it was too late, and in the impulse of the moment had half vowed to return to Mary and poverty and to relinquish the unblessed fortune, when he turned the corner of the road and came on Lady Cicely Dare.

"I knew that you were mountaineering," she said with a sparkling smile, "and you really look as if you had had an adventure. Why did you not take me with you? I have been so dull and bored, and Aunt Letitia is so tired of the place that she wants to go straight down to Catania tomorrow and join Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, and so does my cousin."

She looked appealingly at him, ready to mould her own wishes on his opinion, and he looked at her, fancying that he read only womanly kindness in her eyes.

"Yes, I have had an adventure," he said impulsively, ignoring the latter half of her question, "and I want to tell you all about it."

"Pray do," she said, throwing a swift glance at him from under her long lashes; "I am all attention and interest."

Stephen paused on the slope where they stood, and, with his face to the sea, poured out the whole story of the Veseys in her ear, sure of her sympathy, certain that she would help them although his own hands were tied. She was silent when he had finished the recital of their troubles, and he glanced at her, thinking for a moment that she was in tears. But he saw that her eyes were fixed upon the Calabrian mountains opposite, and that her mouth had hardened in a straight line.

"Well, what do you think?" he said at last desperately.

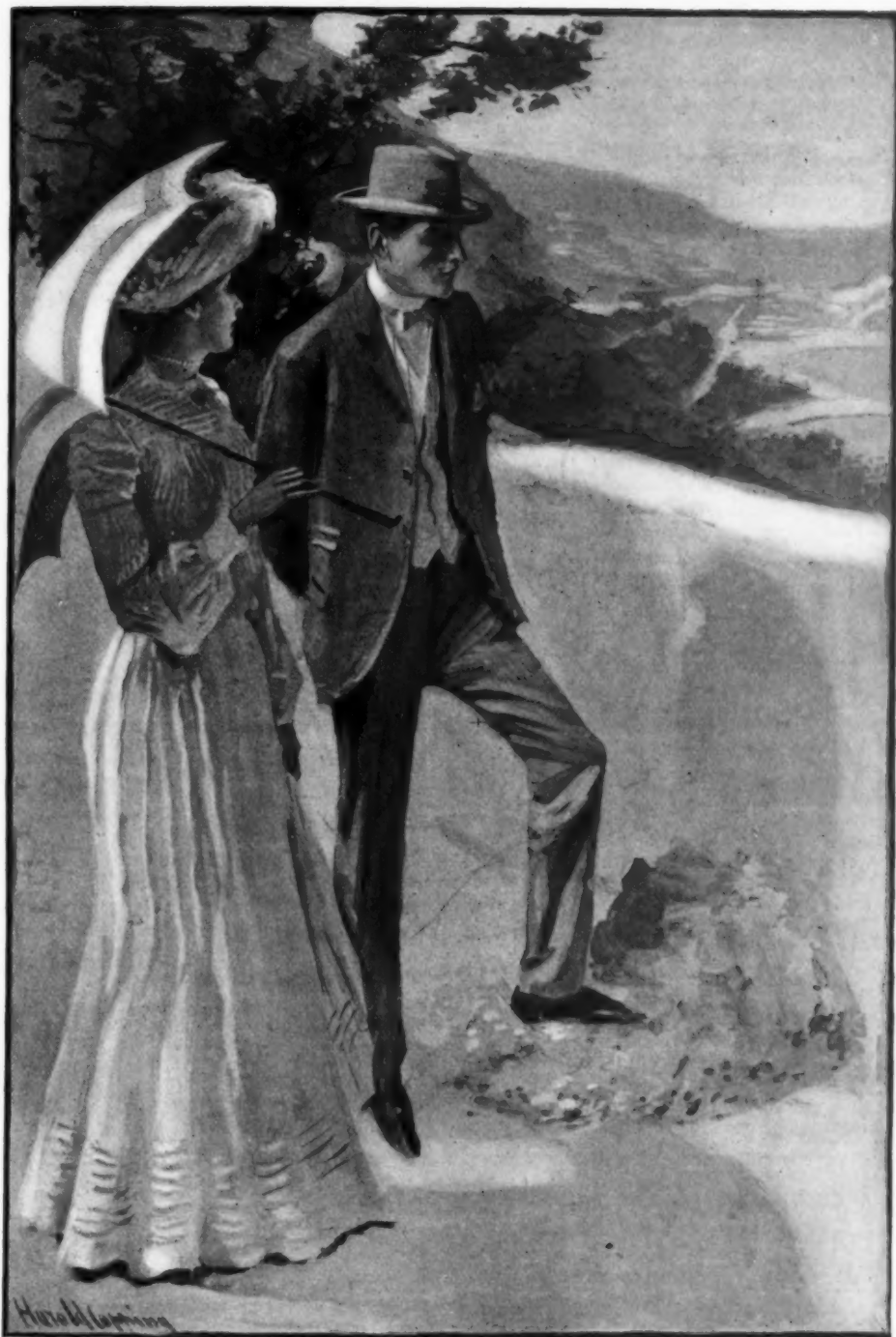
"My dear Mr. Hellard," she said, with a charming laugh, "from the beginning, these acquaintances of yours seem to have acted foolishly. They married in the maddest fashion against the wish of every one, and now they are only suffering from the consequence of their own folly."

"But they married loving one another."

"Love is all very well when it is accompanied by other advantages, but, come now, you must confess that they have run their heads into a perfect hornet's nest by acting on impulse."

"Then it is wrong to follow the dictation of your own heart?"

"No sensible man would allow his heart to lead him into an impossible situation."



STEPHEN PAUSED ON THE SLOPE WHERE THEY STOOD, AND, WITH HIS FACE TO THE SEA,
POURED OUT THE WHOLE STORY

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"Then you would leave them to their fate?" he cried passionately.

Lady Cicely nodded.

"Oh, they will get out of it all right. If I were you, I should inform their own relations, and leave the family to extricate them from their difficulty. It does not in the least concern you, and no one could expect you to go out of your way to bring down inevitable annoyance on your head from the Sicilians, who are a vindictive people. No; we will go away to-morrow to Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, and you will have done your share admirably by writing to Mr. Vesey's relations and informing them of his plight."

"Which of these three was neighbour to him that fell among thieves? and he answered, He that showed mercy on him."

The words rang in Hellard's ears, but he put them away from him. The plan pointed out by Lady Cicely was evidently the way in which the world would treat the case, and he would not be doing anything outrageous by adopting it. Then, too, it was the easiest way, and would entail no personal trouble and involve no risk of losing his fortune.

He hesitated for a moment, with his eyes upon the sparkling face at his side.

"Come, now, Mr. Hellard, am I to think you a man of common-sense?"

He was not strong enough to resist temptation. The mere desire to do a good action was not enough to keep him in the path of honour.

"Yes," he said reluctantly, "you are right," and he knew that he had taken another step downward in the path of honour.

CHAPTER IX

"In the infinite spirit is room
For the pulse of an infinite pain."

THEY left Taormina the next evening, and went down to Catania to join Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, and perhaps no man ever felt more relieved than did Mr. Hellard, when he saw the shores of Sicily die away behind him, till the cliffs were a mere shadow on the sky-line. So long as he was in the place, the thought of the Veseys had haunted him, and he realised that for his peace of mind he must forget them with all speed. He wrote a brief note to Mary Holland, in which he told her of her brother's plight; then, striving to persuade

himself that he was not the coward he knew himself to be, posted it, and tried to dismiss the matter from his mind.

Beddows was a remarkably good servant, and it seemed to Stephen that he made the path of travelling an extremely easy one. He was very attentive, but at the same time there was a watchful air about him that Stephen was apt to resent, though when once they were on board the yacht this attitude was not so noticeable. It was impossible to become on any more confidential terms with him, for there was an impenetrable wall of reserve round about the valet that seemed to hedge him in, whenever his master tried to find out what lay within the outer shell.

Mr. Vandaleur was a young man who had more money than he knew how to spend, and, with the help of companions who were not desirable, was fast dissipating a fine inheritance. He was about six-and-twenty, and in all his life, since his majority, he had never cared to rise above mediocrity; while having no guiding star to lift him higher, he was content to kill time by an unprofitable round of amusements.

Life on board the yacht consisted in eating and sleeping and playing games, an existence which Hellard found charming for the first three weeks or so, when he threw himself heart and soul into whatever was going on about him, content frankly to live the life of an animal, as the rest did. Every night the yacht rang with shouts of laughter, and all day Vandaleur's select party of chosen friends played cards and smoked, and read trashy novels, idling their time away in the sunbright hours.

"I say, Hellard, shall we play bridge again to-night, or poker? Your luck was dead in last night, and we want our revenge off you."

Bobby Vandaleur, dressed in an immaculate blue serge yachting-suit, sauntered up to the taffrail, where Hellard stood alone lost in thought. He lifted a meditative face, and came back to the present moment with an effort.

"Ah, the game? Oh, yes, Vandaleur," he said, "what you like."

It was one of his dark days of doubt and indecision. The down-hill path had been fatally easy, and he was wondering if it was true that there was no turning back. Of what value was this life to him? He was drifting on a lee shore that meant shipwreck to him of every ideal in life. Vandaleur

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was a good-natured young man, who had heard Lady Cicely's version of Hellard's accession to fortune, and he thought that his guest was probably brooding over some dark memories of the past.

"Come and have a turn or a drink," he said. "Life is not worth brooding over. Live for the present is my motto."

"Is it?" said Hellard bitterly. "Yes, I should have thought that it was. Thanks, very much, Vandaleur, I know you mean to be kind, but I want neither the turn nor the drink now. I am afraid I am a skeleton at the feast to-day, but it is impossible to be always wound up to a pitch of gaiety."

Vandaleur shrugged his shoulders and departed, vowing that Hellard was a queer fellow, and that if it was not for his money he should have nothing to do with him; but when a man is a millionaire, there is every excuse for him.

If he had been a poor man, Bobby would have set him down as being eccentric and undesirable, but since in Vandaleur's world the only people who were noteworthy were those who had a certain amount of this world's spoils, everything was permissible to Hellard.

Stephen shook himself together after a time, and moved back to the rest of the party, taking a deck chair close to Lady Cicely, who smiled up at him.

"Are you tired of your own thoughts?" she said archly.

"Very," was his brief answer. "They are unhappy companions to-day. What have you been doing with yourself?"

He knew what she would reply—reading the latest magazine—gossiping and sleeping—and he smiled a little.

"The same old routine," he said. "You must be sick of it, going on for years in the same way."

He saw the rudeness of his remark when he had uttered it, but he was powerless to change it, and Lady Cicely laughed hardily.

"Do you think me such an antique, then?"

"You know I do not," he cried with a gesture of impatience, and since he was always considered as Lady Cicely's special property, the one or two ladies who were sitting by her rose with some muttered excuse and moved to a more sheltered corner of the deck.

"Dorothy, my dear," muttered Mrs. Curtis to her daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen, "I am sure that the young man

is going to propose. He has the complete air of it."

Dorothy Curtis was a charming girl, frank and innocent as a wild-flower, and fresh and unspoiled as English girlhood should be.

"Do you think so, mamma?" she answered quickly. "Oh, I hope not. Lady Cicely is not half good enough for him. He has such a sad face—so different from the men we meet in this sort of party. He looks as though he were struggling to find his soul—there is a sort of fear in his face."

"My dear Dorothy!"

Mrs. Curtis was quite shocked at the interest in her daughter's voice, and wondered half hurriedly whether any words had passed between them that might lead her to take a stronger sympathy in the man. But Dorothy's eyes were steadily fixed upon her work. Perhaps she was thinking in her mind Mrs. Browning's words:

"I thought: Now if I had been a woman, such
As God made women, to save men by love—
By just my love I might have saved this man."

For she knew with quick intuition that he was suffering, and that she could not help him, however much she might sympathise with him.

"We are going to put in for our letters at Malta, are we not?" Hellard said again to his companion.

"Yes, why?"

"Do you know that I cannot endure this life any longer?" he said. "I find it so absolutely devoid of all interest. I shall remain in Malta, I think, and then perhaps continue my journey eastward."

Lady Cicely turned pale, but she bit her lip sharply, and her face still smiled conventionally.

"I don't wonder that you are tired of this sort of thing. I, too, am sick of it," she said, with a quick gesture of impatience. "It is all so hollow, really."

She must catch this mood as she best could, and if he saw that they were of the same mind, no one knew whether they might not be drawn together in sympathy.

"Vapid in the extreme. I am tired of winning money—or losing it, as the case may be—for it seems to me the most contemptible fashion of parting with one's worldly goods. I am tired of drifting on a summer sea. I want work—some serious interest in life. Why should I not visit

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Siberia, or shoot the snow leopard in Thibet?"

"Why not, indeed? But as it is, I don't think we shall make even Malta to-morrow. There is a bank of fog coming up now."

Stephen looked at the horizon, where a film, dense and grey, was stealing up over the blue, blotting out the far, faint sky-line and the oil-smooth sea.

"They don't often last long," he said, "and there goes the dressing-bell."

"I wonder what we shall have for dinner? Quails on vine-leaves, I hope. Mr. Vandaleur's chef is worth his weight in gold," said Lady Cicely, stretching herself and yawning daintily. "Come, you must say that there is one thing that never fails in interest, and that is—one's meals."

Hellard looked at her from his superior height of six feet.

"Ah, no," he said gravely. "All through my life it has been a matter of intense interest as to whether my larks' tongues were absolutely the unadulterated article, and not merely those of the garden sparrow."

And Lady Cicely glanced at him, half puzzled by his tone, and wholly unaware that his sarcasm was trenchant. She sauntered away, to return in an exquisite gown of billowy white chiffon, fastened here and there with diamond clasps, and Dorothy Curtis, looking at her with reluctant admiration, was forced to confess that in her plain white muslin she herself looked an ordinary rosy-cheeked English girl beside the brilliant Circe. But Dorothy's little hour of triumph came later in the evening, when the others had sat down to their cards. For Dorothy possessed a voice sweet as a thrush at a June dawning, and every night she was put down to the piano by her mother, instead of joining the noisy party in the smoking-room. To-night she was a little restless, for no one had spoken to her at dinner, and Stephen had talked with desperate gaiety to his neighbour, Lady Cicely, and little Dorothy was sure that what she feared would very surely come to pass. Perhaps her thoughts were running in a melancholy vein, for she presently slipped from the lighter songs she was singing, into the exquisite pathos of "Oh, that we two were maying." Hellard heard her among the smoke and laughter of his noisy companions, and after a moment he excused himself at the next break in the game under the plea of a headache, and hurried on deck. Mary

Holland used to sing that song, and every note was laden with thoughts of her:

"Oh, that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the churchyard sod."

He covered his ears with his hands, so that he might not hear the clear plaintive notes, but they beat in upon his brain with steady insistence:

"With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast."

His senses were reeling with smoke fumes and calculation: and the faces of the eager players were in his mind, all disfigured by the same hideous passion—the desire to win the pile of gold that lay upon the table before them. Surely it was an evil vice, that of gambling—it brought Lady Cicely on a level with the miner at the corner of the street, staking the price of his children's new boots upon the result of the next football match, or the man who bankrupts himself in gambling on the Stock Exchange, and brings his wife and family to the workhouse.

"And our souls at home—at home—with God."

The sweet voice sank down, fluttering like a lark into its nest from the heights of heaven, and Stephen flung out his hands to the night.

"Mary," he said, "oh, Mary, I am not worthy of you. I should not have left you."

He found that the tears were thick upon his lashes, and he was not ashamed of them, for they were washing away the blackness of his sins like a cleansing tide. He looked out seaward, as a sudden siren screamed through the darkness with swift surprise, realising that the fog had folded round the yacht, until he could see no further into the impenetrable blackness than his hand might reach. He had always felt afraid of a fog at sea, but now he seemed to stand there a thing apart—alone—on the very verge of something that was going to happen, and it was a great relief to him when Dorothy Curtis came out of the music salon and joined him on deck, for she was a living, tangible soul.

"Why, what a fog there is," she said quickly. "Are we in any danger, Mr. Hellard?"

Even as she spoke there was the blare of a horn hooting somewhere within touch of them, so closely that when out of the

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night the bowsprit of a large vessel was seen looming straight above them, the shock was no surprise to Stephen. He flung one arm around the girl's shoulders, and the other round the stanchion, and steadied himself as they struck and drew away again awkwardly, with a shivering and splitting of timbers that was like the sickening crash of an earthquake.

In an instant everything was in an uproar, and people were running in every direction, women screaming, and sailors

SHE SANK DOWN IN A COLLAPSED HEAP UPON THE DECK, SHAKING WITH TEARS AND FRIGHT



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shouting out unintelligible orders on every hand. Hellard saw Lady Cicely, maddened with terror, dash past him, and thinking she was going to throw herself into the sea, caught at her flying draperies.

"What are you doing?" he said sternly. "Be brave, and we shall all be saved."

She sank down in a collapsed heap upon the deck, shaking with tears and fright.

"Oh, we are going to be drowned; I know it," she sobbed. "Why did we ever come on this hateful voyage?"

"Miss Curtis, will you look after her? You are not so alarmed. I believe there is no danger," Hellard said quietly.

The girl looked up with the light of courage in her eyes, and it seemed to him that she was pointing him heavenward, as only a good woman can do.

"We are as near God by sea as by land," she said simply. "Why should I be afraid?"

The hurly-burly of sound about them—the crippled yacht—the blinding fog—the steam siren from the unseen ship that had sheered off—the shouts of the crew of the *Sea Nymph* as they lowered the boats and strove to discover the extent of the damage to the yacht—all passed over this girl, so it seemed, leaving her unafraid in her trust and faith. Her mother was clinging to her in pallid silence, and Vandaleur was rushing about half demented, abusing the men and giving orders all in a breath. Dorothy stooped and lifted Lady Cicely to her feet, putting her arms about her and pressing her head against her breast with a gesture of tender pity.

"If you do not look at the mist you will not be frightened," she said. "They are doing all they can to help us, and we shall go off in the boats as soon as possible to the other ship."

"How can you be so calm?" moaned Lady Cicely distractedly. "I am terrified, for I feel so helpless."

"But there is always a Helper, dear,"

returned the other, so softly that Hellard hardly caught the words. "God is with us. Can you not think of the Everlasting Arms?"

"I wish I had been good—I wish I had been good," was the only answer.

It struck Hellard now at this supreme moment of danger that the unworthiness of the life that he and Lady Cicely's party were living could never be displayed more plainly than it was at this moment. Death had faced them in that supreme crisis, and out of them all the only soul to meet him calmly was the girl who had always lived a simple life of duty. He vowed now, with a bitter sense of his own unworthiness, that he would leave the party at Malta, and give up Hutton's fortune, returning to his old life and to Mary Holland, creeping home, so he told himself, to find his real home in her love. He found Beddows at his side, when a few moments later they were filing down into the boats.

"I have done with this life, Beddows," he said huskily. "If we get safe to shore again, my mind is made up, for I think you know more about the whole affair than you profess to."

"You will change your mind, sir, when you are safe. The yacht is crippled a bit, but the mate says she is watertight, and can be towed to harbour," Beddows answered, as he sprang into the boat. "We are all ready to promise anything when we are in danger."

"Nevertheless it is true," Hellard replied, "and you will see it for yourself."

He recalled the words some time later, when the fog had lifted and they were all safely on board the little Greek coasting steamer, with the *Sea Nymph* in tow behind them; and he remembered them again when he sat in his room in the hotel in Valetta two days later, with his English letters before him, and the realisation of a cloud of trouble dawning upon his mind as he opened them.

(To be concluded.)



The Problem of the British City

BY F. A. MCKENZIE

I.—The Home



F. A. MCKENZIE

IT was Euston Station, and the hour was approaching midnight. As I hurried to my sleeping-car, at the further end of the train, my way was blocked by a long line of people. Every third-class carriage was filled with young people, lads of fifteen and sixteen, with new suits and bags containing their kit above them, mechanics in the pride of their early manhood, young labourers, girls who looked the pick of our younger countrywomen.

Around their carriages and crowding the platform were others who had come to see them off. These were usually older, shabbier, and many of them had worn and hopeless faces. "The boys are off to Canada," the conductor told me when at last I reached my car. "We've had crowds like that for five nights a week this past four months."

Off to Canada! Fortunate lads! Those of us who know the West can but be glad for their sakes that they were going to a land where they will have room to live their lives and to make the best of their manhood. And yet that night, as the roaring express bore us northwards, my thoughts drifted from them to the great city we had left behind. Not long before I had seen crowds of poor Polish immigrants pouring into London; here our own sons were going out. Is there no room for our own here? Is the life of the poor in the British city to-day an existence from which the young and strong may well escape with greatest speed, leaving it for foreign refugees?

Within the past two generations, the life of the English people has changed from partly agricultural to almost purely urban. The population of large parts of the country

is now, and long has been, declining; that of the cities grows at an amazing rate. The farmer clamours in vain for labourers; in winter, the streets of our cities are blocked by the march of the unemployed. Much of our country has become nothing but a holiday centre for townspeople. Great districts are constantly being absorbed for game-preserves, and the estate that could give employment to two hundred families in food production now provides work for half-a-dozen keepers and breeders. And despite the efforts of public-spirited men, this movement bids fair to continue for some time to come. The growth of our cities is only likely to be arrested by some economic revolution, such as the further adaptation of water-power to industrial purposes, which will move the centres of employment elsewhere. For the next generation at least, the serious work of England will be done in the towns, and the country will be more and more the recruiting ground and pleasure centre of city folk.

In twenty years the administrative County of London alone (and this is but part of Greater London) has increased equal to the total population of New Zealand. Battersea, that in the memory of many was a pleasant rural retreat, has now inhabitants excelling in number Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia. Willesden, not long since a market garden, now ranks among the most populous towns in Europe. West Ham, but yesterday a marsh where Londoners shot water-fowl, now presents the greatest mass of poverty the earth has ever seen accumulated in one spot.

Our population has grown until it has almost become a menace, and the total wealth of the nation and our output of manufactures have risen to a degree hitherto unequalled. But along with this increase has come a steadily enlarging area of dense poverty, a lowering of the national physique, and a growing separation between the classes. There is no land of white-speaking men where the gulf between rich and poor is so marked as in our own to-day. The palace is built ever further from the

The Problem of the British City

slum. Prosperous Belgravia can know but little of Canning Town, however kindly its intentions, for though they are both parts of the one capital, they are practically half a day's journey apart. The large manufacturer, in many cases, knows neither the names nor the faces of his own workmen. The old personal interest, the salt of industrial life, has been too largely replaced by a strictly limited cash consideration. Few of us can know anything of the way in which our clothes are made, our furniture is put together, our everyday wants are anticipated. The benevolent instincts of the more prosperous classes were probably never more active than now, but we are too busy, too aloof by habits of thought and customs of life, and too absorbed in our own necessary affairs to understand the needs and the ways of the toiler at our doors.

Life in the city has grown very hard for the poorest, and the number of the poorest has largely increased. Legal pauperism, that a few years since was declining, again shows steady growth. Winter by winter we hear stories from all parts—a large proportion of them genuine—of starvation in our slums. And we are breeding in our back streets a generation whose very being is a misery to themselves, a menace to our safety, and an unceasing drain on our resources.

Practically one-third of our people are either destitute or in receipt of such low or irregular wages as to be on the verge of destitution. In London alone, 350,000 families live in tenements of one or two rooms. In Liverpool, the official estimate of the income of the people in the poorest district is 15s. per week per family. In the Scotland Road district, Liverpool, the death-rate among children under one year old is about 220 per thousand, and was formerly considerably higher. In the dock-side districts of London there are many thousands of families earning not more than 12s. a week all the year round, and living mainly on bread, tea, and charity, with beer or gin as a luxury. The chief of police of one of the largest English cities recently informed me, as a commonplace fact, that in one populous slum district under his charge, it was the exception for a girl to reach sixteen and retain her virtue. Such facts are mere surface details.

The problem of our cities is not now so much one of crime. We still, of course, have our Alsatis. The "Dust Hole" in

Woolwich, the Dorset Street area in Spitalfields, Notting Dale, "Little Hell" in Somers Town, and certain parts of the Borough are notorious crime centres. But so far as my own observation goes, the violently criminal centres are declining in number. Crime, in many cases, is taking other forms. Several notorious haunts of a generation back are now reformed, and our police have the criminal poor, with the possible exception of the hooligans, who are essentially budding criminals, well in hand. Much of the poverty of to-day is too hopeless and spiritless for any active endeavour, even in crime.

London undoubtedly affords the most striking example of great areas of deep poverty, although on a smaller scale Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, and the chief manufacturing towns of the Midlands can show examples as bad. The only important manufacturing town in Great Britain known to me where considerable poverty is not found is Oldham. The reason there is that the borough affords abundant employment for men, women, and children in the cotton mills, wages are high, and thrift has become a habit among many of the people. The Oldham operative can stand a few months of slack time as a rest, in place of, as in other places, a time of semi-starvation.

In London we find that within the central district, from Victoria Station in the West to Aldgate in the East, and from the Thames in the South to Euston Road and Old Street in the North, the area of poverty has substantially declined. Five Dials and the criminal area around it disappeared in the Shaftesbury Avenue improvement scheme, and Seven Dials is largely transformed. Clare Market, another criminal centre, made room for the new Holborn-Strand improvement, Drury Lane is changing for the better, and the slum area of Westminster is rapidly giving place to rows of palatial flats.

But for every slum cleared in the central area, a hundred have sprung up outside. In Westminster, for instance, while the inner part has altered for the better, the great Pimlico district, a few years ago composed of large private residences, is descending to the scale of one to three-roomed tenements. The private houses, in thousands of cases, are now being let floor by floor and room by room. They have few conveniences necessary for proper living.

The Problem of the British City

The water supply, as often as not, is solely upon the ground-floor, and so families living on the fourth floor prefer in many cases to go dirty rather than carry supplies up several flights of stairs. Sanitary arrangements, adequate for one family, break down hopelessly when they have to accommodate ten. And despite the activity of the local authorities, who in the City of Westminster deserve every praise, a condition of things is arising dangerous to the best health of the people.

The same thing goes on all around. The slum dwellers of Shoreditch, turned out of their district by improvements, annex a side street in Battersea, and crowd it out so far as they are allowed. The old inhabitants of Stepney, outbidden in rent by Polish Jews, migrate to Deptford, and raise rents and further overcrowd that already overcrowded district. And so long as London continues to grow, and poverty continues to increase, even proportionately, this thing must go on.

The housing question is the first and, in some ways, the most pressing city problem. To some extent it has been met in London by the transformation of the individual private house into the tenement. From the borders of Hampstead to the outskirts of Brixton the old houses have been subdivided and sub-let. The average working-class family, whether mechanical or clerical, cannot afford a house of its own, and must either take in lodgers, sub-let to another family, or be a sub-tenant itself.

Tenement buildings have sprung up in great number, it is true, and are being added to rapidly. But usually there are restrictions on the number of children allowed, which disbar many families, and numbers of the best poor object to the barrack-like air, the publicity, and the noise of the average tenement. And there is no doubt but that many of the older "models" are little better than the transformed houses. At its best, the modern tenement is a lesser evil; at its worst, it is the slum in its most hideous form. The best tenements are, without question, the Guinness Buildings, and if tenements there must be, as apparently there must, I can imagine none better.

One famous philanthropic company inflicted real injury on the poor by erecting great blocks of buildings inaccessible in large part to the sun. Such buildings mean greater liability to disease and an

increased death-rate. The County Council, which has seriously and on a large scale grappled with the housing problem, has unfortunately built some blocks that are little better than sets of big cupboards. The new set the Council has erected behind Holborn Town Hall presents a striking example of this. The Council has, it is said, been driven to this course by the strict terms of repayment necessary for its loans, but I, for one, deeply regret that by some means its advisers could not have avoided it.

The housing problem is a vital one. The transformed private house is a miserable makeshift, the tenement largely destroys private family life, and is often unhealthy and inconvenient; the price of land is ever rising in the centre of cities, and the cost of building has risen incredibly in recent years. The endeavours of local authorities and private philanthropists, splendid as they are, can only palliate a growing evil. Is there then no remedy? The only remedy I can see is threefold. First, the slum landlord must be inexorably punished who allows overcrowding or insanitary conditions to prevail. Second, and chiefly, we must scatter population outwards by improved locomotion. Third, private manufacturers should, so far as possible, transfer works from the city to the country.

The first recommendation should command universal assent. Nominally, it does. In reality, it does not. The enforcement of local sanitary laws is in the hands of the local elected authorities. These authorities are chosen by the small section of the community which condescends to interest itself in local affairs. Brewers, builders, contractors, and their friends have a direct personal concern in controlling local affairs. If the slum builder obtains a seat on the Borough Council, it is not likely that the sanitary inspector, whose salary depends on the builder's vote, will be active against him. The brewer's agent on the Watch Committee cannot be expected to lead a campaign for the strict observance of the licensing law.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not say or imply that every man interested in the drink trade or in property inhabited by the poor, who is on a local Council, is actuated by unworthy motives. Many of them are most honourable men, serving their localities at great personal sacrifice. But I do say that their presence often lends

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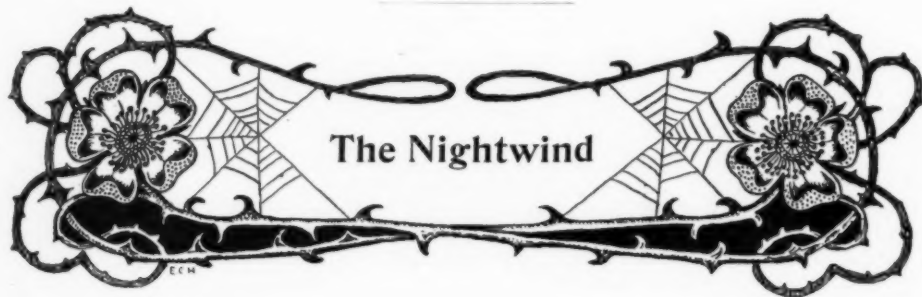
itself to abuse. And there are some of whose motives there can be no question. I know one case where two members of a newly-formed London Borough Council, disgusted at the way in which the relatives of the councillors were being pitchforked into responsible paying positions, irrespective of qualifications, proposed a self-denying ordinance that no near relation of a councillor should be eligible for paid office. The motion gave rise to a vigorous debate and was finally rejected. But one councillor gave his case away by shouting angrily, "What's the use of our coming here if we ain't going to make something out of it?"

The larger the council, as a rule, the less the corruption. The main city councils are absolutely beyond suspicion, and no man has, so far as I am aware, ever breathed

seriously a doubt against the great county councils. But we need more independent men in our second-class borough councils, and we need, too, a more general realisation by the electors of their duty to choose the best men.

The second reform is coming. Electric traction is transforming our urban locomotion, and if Parliament discourages it a little less, it will come much more rapidly. Happily Parliament can no more in the end keep back electric traction than it could check the era of steam railways.

The third reform will be finally attained by economic compulsion. We are rapidly reaching a stage when the manufacturer saves money by going out. This has already been admitted in the printing trade. Other trades will soon awake to it also.



THE midnight stillness holds the summer
skies,

With moon, and all the stars serenely
shining;

Like music's dying notes as softly dies

Life's noise of joyance, struggle, and repin-
ing.

Whilst Day, in sleep, forgets its toils distress-
ing,

O! Nightwind, thou, with strains so heart-
possessing,

Dost quite beguile th' unsleeping mourner's
senses!

Unseen, amongst the sweet leaves straying,

Thou mov'st me by thy mystic playing

To such forgetting of the world's offences

That my translated soul to ecstasy is stirred!

And on the wings of sound, as on the wind
the bird,

It mounts, and asks not whither it shall fly,

But, with unquestioning impulse, seeks the
sky!

Where didst thou learn, O moving Night-
wind! where,

These strains that all my being are en-
trancing?—

Perchance hast borne them from the view-
less air

Of that Unknown to which we are advanc-
ing?—

No strains of Day know yet such rapt ap-
pealing

As these of thine, so fraught with fondest feel-
ing,

Until, thro' very charm of sound, thou seemest

To make a way for deepest yearning

To reach to where 'tis ever turning—

Winged onward by thy song supremest!

O! art thou some swift voyager from 'yond
the stars

That thus thy music frees me from the bars

Of sense—dispels all binding thoughts of
place—

And leads me to illimitable space?

FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte¹

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN

BRONTE itself is about the least interesting feature of Nelson's Duchy of Bronte in Sicily. It is a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, who do not enjoy the best reputation among their fellow-countrymen. The estate offices are there, and the female servants are sent

whom, in the flight to Palermo, he probably owed his life as well as his kingdom. It was estimated to bring in £3000 a year. It was an appurtenance of the Crown of Sicily. The King reclaimed it, compensating in coin those who possessed it under him. It came to the Hoods by the marriage of



MOUNT ETNA AND THE CITY OF BRONTE

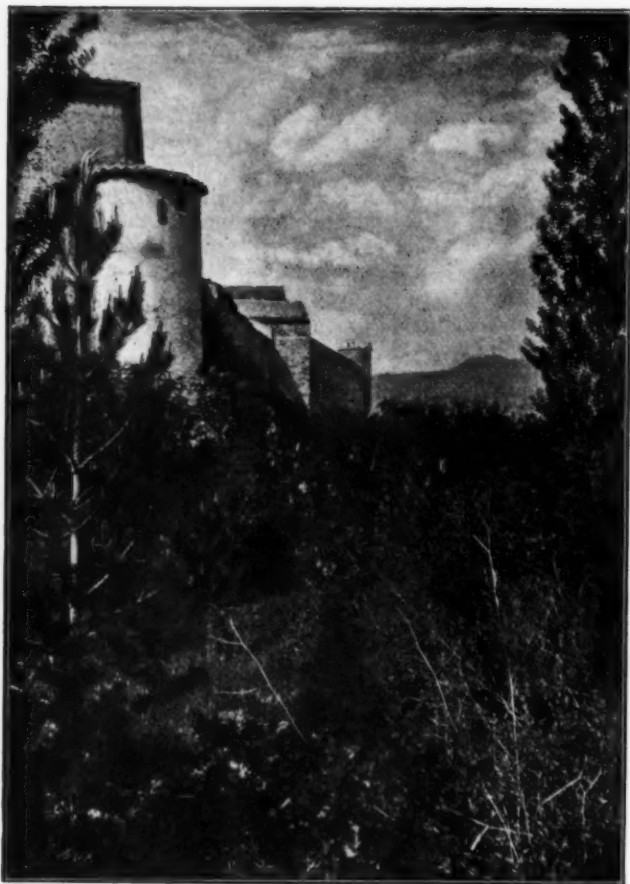
there from Maniace when the family are not in residence.

And it is there that Il Duchino, as the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood is called in the Duchy, has to go for the litigation in which the ungrateful people who depend on his bounty so frequently involve him. The Duchy of Bronte was bestowed by Ferdinand I. and IV. of the Two Sicilies upon the hero of the Nile, to

Samuel Lord Bridport to the heiress of the first Earl Nelson. By the terms of the English patent the earldom went to the son of the eldest sister, Mrs. Bolton; but the heiress was able to retain the Sicilian title and estates. Mr. Hood formerly spent much of the year at Maniace, and though he is now Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, he still spends a couple of months there each year.

¹ The beautiful photographs from which the pictures are reproduced were taken by the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood.

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte



THE CASTLE OF MANIACE, THE CAPITAL OF THE DUCHY

The town of Bronte is comparatively modern. It claims the ubiquitous Emperor Charles V. as its founder. Maniace, the capital of the Duchy, is five centuries older, but nothing now remains of it except some overgrown ruins, and the Castello which is the Sicilian seat of the Hoods. The town of Maniace was founded by the Byzantine general, George Maniaces, after his great victory over the Saracens. He owed this chiefly to the Varangian (Northmen) mercenaries, led by Harold Hardrada, who invaded England just before the Battle of Hastings, and was defeated and slain at the Battle of Stamford Bridge. Maniace has another niche in history—a very curious one—it had for its prior the infamous Rodrigo Borgia, who rose to fame and infamy as Pope Alexander VI.

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When the family are away Maniace is kept in an interesting state of siege. No women are allowed within its walls, and the gates are kept closed from six in the evening till daylight. Nor are there ever less than six of its little garrison of two-and-twenty men inside its gates.

Immediately inside its gates there is an armoury well stocked with loaded magazine rifles, and Mr. Hood and the Englishmen who assist him all carry loaded rifles when they ride about the estate; for Maniace stands in one of the wildest parts of Sicily, high up on the foothills of Etna, and at times brigands infest the neighbourhood; so much so that ten years ago there was a list supplied to the manager's office at Maniace, with their descriptions and nick-names; there is often more than one brigand of the same name. There were quite a score on this black list. Only a few days before we went there this year, the strong wine-store had been broken into in a vain attempt to secure a sum of money sup-

posed to be kept there. When one was killed the word *ucciso* was written against his name. They are now all captured, killed or disappeared. It is libellous to call a man a robber in Sicily, even when you secure his conviction. The people of the district are bad, otherwise the munificence and goodness of the Hood family must have won them over long ago; for none of the money made by the estate is ever taken out of the island, it is all devoted to improvements and bettering the condition of the tenants, the labourers, and the land. If the estate belonged to a Sicilian proprietor, the last penny that could be dragged out of it, without any outlay on improvements, would be extracted from it for its owner to gamble with at Rome or Palermo. Not that he would

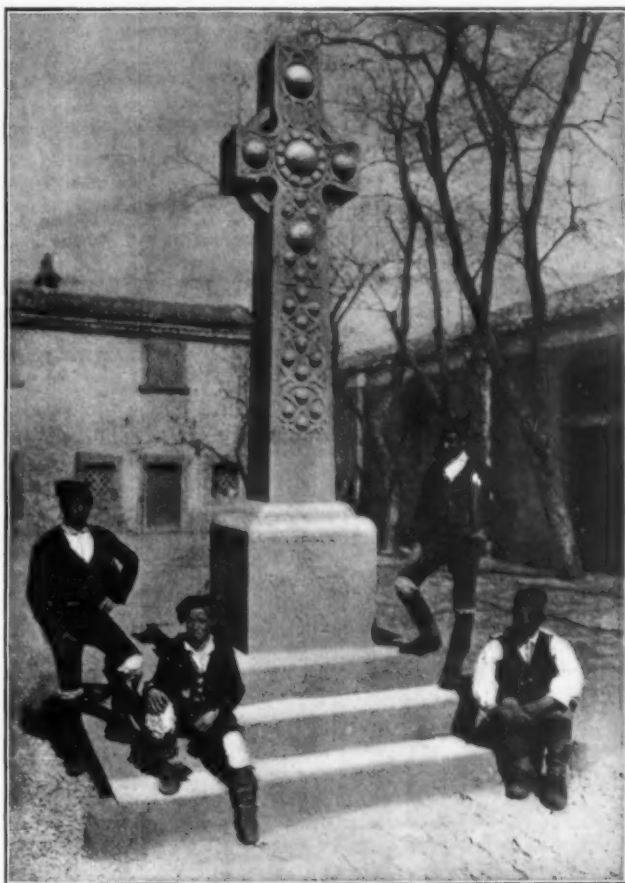
Nelson's Duchy of Bronte

get it all, for every one through whose hands it passed would "sweat" it.

But in spite of liberal treatment and immense amount of employment afforded through the innumerable improvements introduced by Mr. Hood, the natives are apt to grumble at the estate not having a native proprietor. No piece of scoundrelism is too petty for them. They would even counterfeit illness in order to sell the medicines given them from the estate infirmary, unless they were compelled to swallow them in the manager's presence; others kept them, or threw them away if disagreeable to the palate. The savagery of the natives is also inconceivable unless you had the word of the Englishmen who are over them. There was a tenant, for instance, who paid a rent of five hundred English pounds, and died only last year. He lived by himself, and never tasted meat except when one of his animals died. Even then he sold all he could of the deceased animal; but if there was any over, he thrust it into the fire until the outside was charred, and then tore off the half-cooked meat. A year or two before that Mr. Hood built him a nice new house, but as he insisted on lighting a fire in the middle of the floor as he had always done in his hut, and neglected every sanitary law, his house was soon reduced to a sort of pigsty. If there were any explanation of his conduct, it would be that the tax-collector would have rated him nearer the real mark if he had been found not to be living like a pig any longer. For a bed he had only the skins of the animals which had died, thrown on boards.

The interest of the Bronte estate centres in Maniace—the natives rightly call it the Castello, for the original Castello or *torre* erected by Giorgio Maniace was turned into a convent

by Margaret, mother of William the Good, in 1174. The monasteries of that day had to be fortresses; the Saracens had comparatively recently been expelled from Sicily, and their brethren were constantly raiding the Mediterranean littoral. Little remains now of the convent of Margaret beyond the church, but that contains some charming examples of Sicilian-Gothic, particularly the west doorway, with its clustered pillars and carven capitals, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden, and war, hunting, and agriculture. The only windows left unblocked are the small round-headed slits in what would be the clerestory. The church, like the house, is kept barricaded against



Designed and photographed by the Hon. A. Nelson Hood

THE MONUMENT OF THE CENTENARY OF THE NILE IN THE
COURTYARD AT MANIACE

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte



THE NELSON TROPHY GALLERY AT MANIACE

brigands. The nave, like the west end, is of pointed Sicilian-Norman. Its columns are alternately round and hexagonal. Two years ago Mr. Hood and Mr. Beek stripped off the plaster, revealing the dignity of their original lava. From these columns rise stilted arches of the Saracenic style so dear to the Norman rulers of Sicily.

The first abbot still lies buried beneath the altar—Mr. Hood cherishes every old bit, every old tradition. The Byzantine Madonna, painted by no less an artist than St. Luke, which the church was built to receive, still stands on the altar. Lord Bridport had it taken to London and restored. The east wall of the church was thrown down by the great earthquake of 1669; but was re-built, and has two very ancient figures, which were found in the *débris*, let into it. There is an ancient triptych behind the altar. The wooden corbels of the roof are old. The Duchy pays a chaplain to hold services there. Not very long ago a priest from one of the neighbouring towns demanded, as a right, to hold a public service there, which would have given him free access at all times—an awkward thing in a country where the line between brigands and priests might not always be strictly observed. It was refused, as the church is not under the ordinary ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

The chaplain officiates on every Sunday and *festa*. The church is always crowded with the wild mountaineers. There was no confessional box, so one had to be improvised at Bronte. There is something very beautiful and reposeful about this well-cared-for old church, and a strange, bizarre note is struck by the tombs of the English Governors-General of the Duchy of Bronte, who are now called managers.

Except for the smallness of the bedrooms, which were cells, and the long narrow gallery off which they lead, the upper part of the convent, used as the dwelling-house, is very English, though of course it is full of fine Sicilian-Greek curios, for Mr. Hood is a great collector. At every turn you meet relics of the conquering admiral on whom the Duchy was bestowed, including a book-plate signed by him when he still had his right hand, and his visiting-card when he was

Captain Nelson,
Royal Navy.

The gallery is specially dedicated to him. Under the picture of his death which hangs in it is the ivory-handled dirk which was his first weapon, laid beside the decanter and the two glasses engraved with "N." which he used the last night of his life, and a copy of his baptism certificate. Engravings of most of the well-known Nelson pictures hang there, including the famous Nelson Maclise in the Houses of Parliament, and the *Glory* engraving, with battered Trafalgar ships round it. There is also an oleograph of Mr. George Joy's charming picture of *Nelson's First Farewell*, and a picture of the wrecked *Foudroyant* on metal, made

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte

from one of its own bolts, framed in its own oak, and a most curious poster—

ON 30TH OF MAY, 1806:

THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

WEATHERCOCK.

JANE SHORE.

FUNERAL HONOURS, CEREMONIES, AND
MAGNIFICENT PROCESSIONS BOTH BY LAND AND
WATER OBSERVED TO COMMEMORATE
THE GALLANT HERO,

THE LATE LORD NELSON.

The house contains many other interesting historical objects beside Nelsoniana from the intimate connexion of the Hood family with the Royal Family. In Lord Bridport's bedroom, for instance, there is an engraving of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, autographed by her late Majesty and the late Duke and Duchess of Teck; and on the library table is the manuscript journal of the visit paid to Ober-Ammergau by Mr. Hood in the company of the late Duchess of Teck, illustrated with splendid photographs. It was prepared at her request. The handwriting is as clear and beautiful as the photographs. Among the most covetable of the minor pieces are the great old Sicilian chests which were used for flour when Mr. Hood first came to Maniace. He has a really valuable collection of Sicilian terracotta figures, many of them unusually large; but of course the principal objects in the collection are the gold and silver coins of the Greek period of Sicily, including a splendid specimen of the most famous of all ancient coins—one of the series of great decadrachms struck by the Syracusans after they had conquered the Athenians in 413 B.C. The library contains all the important books about Nelson and a tolerably complete collection of the chief works on Sicily.

They have English fires everywhere in the house—a most necessary thing for the variable climate of Maniace. Maniace is so high up on Etna, that wind and wet and snow tyrannise it through the winter and much of the spring and autumn, though the temperature and sunshine in those seasons is often delicious. It has not the corresponding advantages, for it is extremely malarious in summer; so much so that the Englishmen who manage the estate have to leave it and go to a station an hour higher up the mountain

when the hot weather comes on. This is because the convent was, like so many Sicilian-Norman convents—for example, the glorious old Badiazza outside Messina—built almost in the bed of a torrent. The torrent at Maniace swells into the chief river of Sicily, the Simethus, which has such a lordly valley below. In July, August and September the estate is troubled with malaria; the attacks are often so bad that nothing but the drastic methods of the village apothecary can ward off death. They first administer an emetic, then quinine. The patient is made to take endive or wild olive-water and dandelion. Strong applications of leeches and mustard-plasters are made. Mr. Beek, the manager of the estate, once had to take no less than sixty grains of quinine, which left him deaf for fifteen years afterwards. But the peculiar malariousness of Maniace is aggravated by the river's constant shifting of its bed; for deadly vapours come of course from the drying up of the river bed. The malaria is now much decreased: where formerly a fifth or a fourth of the employees fell ill from malaria, now only one or two find themselves on the sick-list.

The estate is purely agricultural, devoted mostly to the fine old scriptural harvests of corn and wine and oil. They are now planting more and more olive trees every year, but already from a thousand to twelve hundred gallons of oil are produced. It is kept partly in eighty-gallon drums of tinned iron, partly in the great clay amphoræ used in Sicily from time immemorial; but the earthenware damages the oil, which is sold in tins containing three gallons each. The Bronte wines are famous, and the Bronte cognac is everywhere recognised as one of the best procurable outside of the choice French brands. The name Bronte applies of course to the duchy, and not to the town. The vineyards are at Maniace. There is not much evidence of the wine industry (which has separate buildings) about the house, except in the purple clots of wine-lees, which are sold for the manufacture of cream of tartar.

In the days of the Roman Empire Sicily was one of the granaries of the world, and Sicilian wheat is still important commercially. It is one of the hardest wheats of Europe, and hard wheat is necessary for the manufacture of macaroni. The rents are largely paid in corn, which the estate sells. In August the great old

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte



QUEEN MARGARET'S GATE IN THE CHURCH OF
THE CASTLE OF MANIACE

horreum or barn of the convent is overflowing with wheat. The old Sicilian measures are used in buying it, because the modern decimal measures are not even yet understood by this backward population. But the Government measures are of course used by the Management, and when the wheat has to go by rail, it is weighed as the only means of preventing the parcels being tampered with. The sieves for the wheat are made of goatskin cut with dies, which make beautiful patterns of varying shapes to suit wheat and chaff, vetch and earth. In filling the sacks all sorts of precautions have to be taken to avoid cheating, which does not prevent Sicilians using "In the Name of God" instead of the numeral one. According as the measure is shaken down or not shaken down, and levelled or not levelled with a stick, it varies immensely, and only the most trusted men can be allowed to do the measuring. The common Sicilian of this part of the country is always lying in wait

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to do some petty cheating. Even the watchman has to signal the fact that he is awake and performing his duties on a peculiar sort of stop-watch alarum which registers the time at which it has been touched. Some of the locks even are fitted with apparatus which makes them register the time at which they are touched.

But though little remains of the world of Queen Margaret, the whole house is a convent building with plenty of seventeenth-century work still left in it; indeed, the vaults used as storerooms may be yet older, but they are not interesting. The beautiful portions of Maniace are the church and the fortress-like walls renewed in the ancient style by the Hood family, and the fine courtyard and multi-arched porch, which also owe their appearance to the present owner. The beautiful Iona cross in the courtyard, erected in 1898, "Heroin Immortali Nili," for the centenary of the battle, was executed from a drawing by Mr. Hood himself.

When seen from the right angle outside you can want nothing more picturesque than Maniace. It rises from the bank of a tumultuous Sicilian river fringed with osier and tamarisk, recalling in its Saracenic outline King Edward I.'s castles in Wales. Its strong and lofty walls for a great height from the ground are unpierced by any apertures; its great gateway is enfiladed by a loop-holed tower. Around it the olives of Sicily mingle with the familiar trees of a Scottish avenue. Indeed, when the splendid waterfall is running in full force, Maniace might well be in Scotland but for the glorious cone of the great volcano which towers above it, and the grey foliage of the olives and the subtropical luxuriance of the garden, which Mr. Hood has made most beautiful by applying his admirable taste and the art of the landscape gardener to the accentuation of its natural beauties.

The enormous walnut tree which was once the glory of the garden at Maniace has now fallen to go up higher, as the dining-room table. Gooseberries, raspberries, and currants grow freely here, mingled with such familiar neighbours as

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte

periwinkles and violets, and such strangers as barberries, palmettos, and Japanese bamboos, and above all the many-blossomed laurestinus and the fragrant golden-flowered mimosa, which is the wattle of Australia. The lesser celandine is there in the spring as everywhere; and primroses—though the primroses of Etna have lost their primrose hue and turned white with orange-hearts. But this is a garden of the iris, the narcissus, and the peony. Etna's own flowers are the golden-ruddy euphorbia, the wild peony, and the iris in a dozen forms. The wild peonies of the Etnean forests are pink and white and red. They are low-growing and scanty foliaged, but extremely graceful. One variety of narcissus grows single-headed like a daisy, another with so many clustered heads that you can picture the hundred-headed blossom which Proserpine was stooping to pick when Pluto lifted her into his chariot to carry her below the earth. The men of Etna have it that this happened only a few miles from here, in the swampy lake of Gurrita, where no fish can live. I have left the irises last because they are the glory of the Etnean plateau. There they wear most of the hues of their rainbow godmother. On that one stormy day that we drove from Randazzo to Maniace, we saw them purple and mauve and yellow and white, and blended in a dozen different ways.

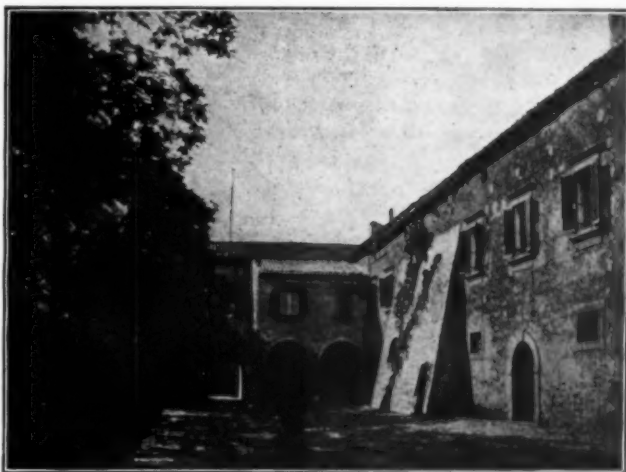
The formal garden with its box borders, white irises and narcissi, scarlet anemones and fragrant gillyflowers and cyclamens, is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

The farms of this great estate are all let out, but its vast orange forest, almost the only one in the world, and its wine and oil pressing, give work to one hundred men year in and year out, and to every available hand at harvest time. On that estate they have many harvests. Corn in July and August, grapes and pistachios in October, and olives in November and December being the principal.

Maniace lends local colour to Mr. Marion Crawford's *Corleone*, and

as it rises from the lentisks and osiers and wild oleanders of the river in echelon against the evening sky under the majestic cone which only Fujiyama outgraces, it has an almost eerie majesty. Ferdinand I. and IV. of the Two Sicilies was a fool, but he stumbled on one of the eternal fitnesses when he chose Etna for Nelson's guerdon. The one stands out like the other—almost unapproachably immense. The great mountain rising lonely from the plain is a hundred miles round.

We are never likely to forget the drive from Randazzo to Maniace. Kind friends had told the manager of the Duchy of Bronte that we were at Randazzo and anxious to see the estate so intimately connected with two heroic English houses. We were in the main street of Randazzo, photographing old fourteenth-century palaces with Gothic windows of delicate grace, when a guard in scarlet and blue uniform, armed with a repeating rifle, rode up to us and jumped off his mountain pony. The manager had never seen me, so he could not have given him any description, but I was the gentleman of a foreign family, so he felt quite sure that I must be the person intended to receive the letter. It was couched in the true spirit of Sicilian hospitality. If it suited us to go out the next day, the Duke's carriage would be sent that night so that we could start as early as we liked in the morning. It would fetch us back in the evening, and spend a second night at Randazzo, so that



THE CORBLE OF THE CASTLE OF MANIACE

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte

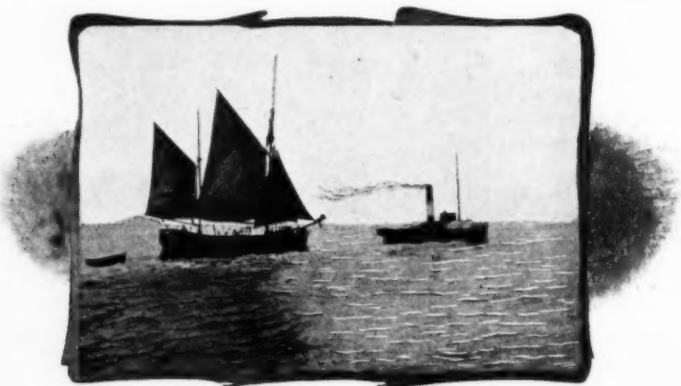
we might be sure of decent horses for our drive.

Soon after eight in the morning we got in, before all the inhabitants of Randazzo, with all the wraps in our possession. It was pelting with rain. It rained so fiercely that we had no eyes for the exquisite black-and-white tower of St. Martino or the grim castle of the mediæval Dukes, with spikes, once garnished with human heads, rusting high in the air, or the scarped and river-washed walls of mediæval Randazzo.

With heads bent down to save our eyes from the lashing storm, we wound up the hillside which leads to the ancient lava-stream, which is the most vivid witness to the miraculous good fortune of Randazzo. There is no town of its size so high on Etna. It is the most convenient starting-point for climbing to the crater; yet of all the towns on Etna, it is the one that has never been destroyed by the burning lava which has streamed down all round it. Tracts near by have been buried deep in ashes, but never a house or a life has been lost within the bounds of Randazzo, and its streets are full of dwellings five or six centuries old, with the shafted windows and the containing arch which are the glory of Sicilian-Gothic. St. Mary has been kinder to Randazzo than Randazzo has been to St. Mary, whose ancient church has been repaired with French thoroughness rather than Italian. The element of taste is wanting. Fortunately nothing else has been restored in Randazzo. How nearly this little Lombard city has escaped is shown in the most typical Italian fashion, for it has a suburb built in the middle of the lava-stream above the town, where, presumably, rent is low or non-existent. So

poor are the Italians, and especially the Sicilians, that to save a few soldi of rent they will put up with savage discomforts. I have never seen anything like this suburb of Randazzo, where the cottages, to escape the storms and snows of Etna, crouch in the hollows of the lava with little but their red roofs above the ground. They are almost as black as the lava from which springs the compensating note of colour in the landscape—the marvellous spurge of Etna. It is a spurge closely resembling, when you look into it, the humble spurge of Kentish woods and Dorset downs, but it seems treason to call it by any name except its stately Latin title of *Euphorbia*, for its mighty blossoms are so many crowns of glowing gold worked out in richly-blended shades of orange and yellow and red—the three colours used in painting the golden lions of heraldry when *res angusta* forbid the use of gilt. One of the most striking features of Etna is the way that its sullen fields of lava, which support no other life but a gay rust of lichen, send up golden plumes of euphorbia, which shine a mile away.

Doubtless that drive from Randazzo to Maniace was specially desolate on that day of vengeful storms. On other days there would have been the great white cone of Etna with its Fujiyama-like grace towering above us all the way as we whirled along the splendid high-road, in scenery that might have been Dartmoor if the wild tracts between the tilth and pasture had been heather instead of lava. But those lava-streams which Etna, when wrathful, has flung upon its foothills—I could never picture Hell till I had seen their barren sierras and abysses!



The Wooing of Sergeant Mahony's Daughter

A TALE OF A DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE

BY KATHARINE GLASIER



JOHN BEARDMORE, road surveyor under the Parish Council of St. Martins-in-the-Sand, lay stretched on the green bankside of a lane that was counted steep in

incline even in that district of peaks and coombs,—and was well content.

It was not only that it was early evening of an early summer, nor that his hot day's work had been well done. From his childhood he had lived a vigorous, open-air life, and the sight of the smoke from his pipe, curling up till it lost itself in the golden haze of the overhanging gorse just as the gorse-gold itself had merged in the blue radiance overhead, touched him only with the pleasant sense of pleasant things that could be trusted to renew themselves in their season.

The Parish Council had met that day and grumbled an approval of a somewhat expensive scheme of granite road-dressings, whereby their surveyor hoped to temper if not to wholly allay the white dust whirlwinds of the district's limestone roads.

But even that concession to John's practical wisdom on the part of the local farmers was in no wise accountable for the dreamy deepening of the light in his quiet, grey eyes, nor for the soft, almost tender curving of his lips under their stubbly moustache.

Something had happened—or rather he had made a discovery which revealed him, John Beardmore, third son of Jabez Beardmore, village plumber and gasfitter, in a new light to himself. It had all been worked out in that lane and at that very point not two months ago. For the third time that evening he found himself recalling the trifling details of the story.

Heavy winter rains had torn away the surface of the hillside and left it with jutting rock-ridges, calling for wary treading on the part of foot-passengers and presenting actual danger to the stout-limbed farm-horses who had to make its ascent at that

spring crisis of the year with loaded carts behind them. It had not been a case for half-measures. In less than an hour Beardmore had brought a small staff of roadmen on the scene with the greater part of old Will Haslove's "painful pile" of road-metal at their command.

The district road-engine had proved less mobile. Driver and flagman alike had protested that the steep, narrow lane afforded no ground for the negotiations of a steam-roller. John had insisted, and the men had sulked till the fine drizzle of the spring morning and the men's demurrage had fled suddenly at the approach of a warm burst of sunshine.

Once started, the little road-engine had done her work gallantly. Panting up-hill and groaning down, she had never failed to respond to her driver's brake nor gone back on a "crush" once attempted. Well pleased with the progress of the work, John had gone home to his lodgings, and at his lonely table sat down to his Monday's dinner of cold meat and potatoes without fear of a breakdown in either gear or discipline. But he had scarcely come within sight again of the scene of his morning's labours when his voice had been raised in wrath.

The driver had been cleaning out his engine's fires to prepare her in her turn for the feeding up that should start her out refreshed for her afternoon's work. In the process he had gathered a large iron bucketful of glowing ashes, and just as John appeared round the corner, had emptied it out upon the quick green of the bank, not a hand's-breadth from the spot where the surveyor was now resting.

"An ugly thing to do!" John had denounced it roundly. "With no need-be at all when the whole roadway lay ready to your hand! Would you scorch the hawthorn-roots and kill the young grass just at its springing? I tell you it would burn in and in there and leave a scar the summer would not heal."

John had hardly understood his own indignation. It had broken out of him from

The Wooing of Sergeant Mahony's Daughter

somewhere near his heart, where the light of the April clouds, the lark's melody, and the "twofold shout" of the cuckoo had lingered from the morning.

The driver had stared stupidly at John's hasty work with the shovel. What was "a bit o' green bank" to a man "with a wife and six children and less than a pound a week to keep 'em on"? But he had grinned a broad grin of amusement when he saw his road-engine asked to part with a portion of its slender store of water to satisfy the surveyor's urgent sense of the need for atonement. It would be no fault of the driver if the work were stopped for half-an-hour or more while the flagman climbed the hill with swinging water-pails.

But there the matter had ended, or been left in silence out of sight till an hour ago, when John had thrown himself down on the bank, unthinking, to receive his reward.

For there, at his side, in the shadow cast by his shoulders, he recognised the little patch of ground which he had rescued two months ago from its fiery visitation. The thick grass rising about it clearly outlined the circle. On one side an edge of charred and blackened earth rose like a miniature cliff to tell of the cruel sea that had licked away its life. White rootlets and reddish-brown blades of grass bore witness to a fierce fight with fate; but in the very heart of the circle John saw what caught at his breath. A clustering patch of wild pansies—he counted nigh half-a-score of the yellow-eyed, pale-blue flowers on their slender stalks—a very beatitude of blossoms!

It was strange how the sight of them moved him. Leaning over them and keeping his pipe well to windward in his other hand, he lifted with his roughened forefinger one delicate flower-face after another, to let it fall back again with a little sigh for the exquisite nature of the pleasure he experienced.

"I'm glad I had that old cinder-heap scattered off o' this," he muttered. "Only to think o' scorchin' the life out o' such pretty things as yon!"

John was not a scientific botanist. He did not stay to question whether the pansy's seed had been hidden deep in the earth at the time of the fire-dropping, or whether by the actual clearance then effected a specially fitting place for a vagrant seedling's survival had been created. He was only conscious that there, in that spot, the whole shy loveliness of growth owed

its being to him, John Beardmore, and in the thrill of the thought he caught himself vaguely wondering whether he had ever done anything so worth doing in his life before.

He was no reader of books or he might have felt himself raised into the order of chivalry, established more than a century before his time by a Scottish ploughman with a "wee modest crimson-tipped flow'r" for emblem. "La Picciola," or the story of a green shoot of heliotrope and a prisoner's love for it, had never been offered for claim upon his sympathy. It was doubtful even if John recognised himself as one of "Nature's Worshipers." He loved her temple: that was certain. But he was wont to enter it with spade and bucket, and recked little of the work of the singers in the choir.

To-day, however, all unexpectedly he had been vouchsafed a mark of favour from his "unknown goddess" that could scarce have stirred more wonder in him if it had fallen straight from the blue sky over his head.

He put his pipe back into his mouth and tipped his hat over his eyes the better to enjoy his new field of reflection.

It was the first day of his annual fortnight's holiday. His men were all at work in the neighbouring hayfields, and the lanes and roads of the district were to be rolled and watered for a space without his official inspection. He had made no special plans for his holiday. His old father and mother lived in a neighbouring village, and looked for his coming every Sabbath. There was his sister, married, in Manchester. He might take a run over and see her in her new home before the fortnight was out; but for this evening,—had he not been content before? He was more than content now. The smile deepened in John Beardmore's eyes.

He was roused by the sound of footsteps on the lane above him: light footsteps that stumbled as they hurried. A sharply-drawn sob recalled him to presence of mind.

"Why, Norah lass," he said, sitting up and looking with concern into the tear-stained face of the girl who had pulled up at sight of him. "What is the matter, and where are you going?"

His keen eyes had noted that Norah looked "dressed" in spite of her reddened eyelids, and that she carried a tin hatbox

The Wooing of Sergeant Mahony's Daughter

in her hand, fastened with a bit of string at the hasp.

"I'm don' wi' things up yon," the girl answered with heavy emphasis. Her Irish tongue moved slowly in the Derbyshire dialect. "Tha hast no need to think to keep me either. My father's wife has struck another woman's daughter once too often, John Beardmore. All th' village knows about her an' me. There's no call to waste time i' tellin' that tale again. It began fourteen years back when he married

not to be blamed too much for a softness that might after all prove to have its place in the world.

"But where are you going, Norah?" he asked her gently.

"To Manchester," she said, the warm colour rising in her face. "There'll be paper-mills there as well as here, I reckon, and nobody to bother about where a girl comes from so long as she does her work."

"Paper-mills!" John repeated dully.



"I'M DON' WI' THINGS UP YON"

her, and it's gone on ever sin'. 'Tis time now that 'twere finished. That's all."

The girl's breast heaved under her white blouse. John looked at her with gradually quickening sympathy. It was true what she said. All the neighbours knew that Sergeant Mahony's second wife, a thrifty, thin-featured woman, native of the place, had had her own to do with her step-daughter Norah. The woman was not naturally unkind; she was merely a hard woman, and Norah was, probably, John thought as he looked at her, very much what her Irish parents had made her, and

"Ay, lass, there'll be paper-mills i' Manchester."

He was thinking, and for him rapidly. The paper-mill in the village was an old source of vexation of spirit with him. He hated to pass in the roadway the great wagon-loads of unsavoury "waste" that were sent down to the mill-doors from the railway week by week; and the black water and greasy "scour" of the brook after it left the mill-sluices angered him afresh every time he crossed the fields through which it flowed. The women, moreover, who worked there grew a bit

The Wooing of Sergeant Mahony's Daughter

too rough and ready with their tongues. John had a passing vision of fluff-and-dust-laden skirts and unwholesomely-shawled heads, and his general attitude of dislike drew itself up with a shock before Norah's freshly-coloured face, girlish figure, and dark, wavy hair.

"A paper-mill is a sorry place for a woman even in th' country, lass," he said. "But in Manchester—nay! I cannot think you should go."

"I'm noan goin' back yon," Norah cried. "She struck me, I tell tha, an' all because I kept still a bit to let th' robin" Her pretty rounded throat swelled and impeded her further utterance.

John had a queer sense of something giving way inside him. He stretched out his hand toward the girl.

"Tell me," he invited her with lip and eye. It seemed to him that there was some strong necessity upon him why he should hear the end of her story. Norah's softness was easily drawn.

"'Twas th' robin I'd been feedin' all th' winter," she explained eagerly. "An' he 'ud come up to th' step or on to th' winder-sill, but he 'ud never come in properly on to th' flure. An' this afternoon when it was full summer, an' there was no need, he came hoppin' over th' tiles I was cleanin' just as if he wanted to show me he—he—" She hesitated, but John's quick nod gave her confidence. "I was that pleased I forgot everythin'," she confessed. "An' the pretty thing seemed as if once it was in it couldn't make up its mind to go. - An' then *she* came rushin' in and scared th' poor thing nigh out o' his wits. She said he'd be bringin' muck into th' hoos, an' I don't know what else. An' I up an' told her he had brought more luck nor ever she had, an' she hit me,—hit me cruel!"

The angry light in Norah's eyes died down suddenly as if it had been put out by the one that had kindled in the man's eyes above her.

"See!" he said, low in her ear, his hand closing strongly on her brown fingers. "Kneel down here! I want to show you something."

Norah set her tin box down on the lane gravel. Her breath was coming in little uneven gusts.

"What is it?" she asked. John had found his necessity. He had wanted to hear the end of her story that he might feel able to tell her his own.

"Do ye see yon flowers?" he said, searching for her expression as her gaze followed his finger's pointing. "That fool, Will Taylor, emptied a bucket of red-hot ashes out of his engine just in that spot not two months back! And I had out the shovel and cleared 'em off and watered the place a bit. And now,—see!"

Norah did see. The reverential awe in her childlike eyes satisfied even John's craving at that moment for a soul living as his own,—able by

"the deep powers of joy
To see into the life of things."

"Oh! but that is just wunnerfu'!" she said simply. She looked up into John's face. Under her dark lashes her blue eyes, softened by strong feeling, showed to John like two of the flowers in the charmed circle between them. He drew nearer to the girl as she knelt.

"Norah, lass," he said, falling consciously into the broad speech of their village life together. "Dost tha think tha couldst be happy in a little house o' thy own? I hadn't thought much about gettin' wed, lass. But I've a bit o' money like i' th' bank, an' if tha's willin' there's naught else as need be agen it, as I can see. There's Dowling's cottage, over at th' village end. It has been empty three months by now, an' I've often thought it wur a pity that there was noone there to see after th' garden. Th' owd man had set it out finely before he died. What dost tha say, lass? There would be no call for thee to go back yon. I've a clear fortnight's holiday from to-day, an' there's my sister i' Manchester. She 'ud be fine an' pleased to see thee, an' could tell us how to go about things,—if tha wouldst be willin' to let me take thee to her, lass."

Norah had dropped forward on her knees, her face hidden in her hands. She could not believe that she was hearing aright. There was not a girl in the village, she told herself, but would have been glad to have John Beardmore if he had only shown himself willing. Why, even those two smart girls in the new draper's shop had set their caps at him! And she, Norah Mahony, who worked at the paper-mill—! She lifted a crimson face of protest.

"Nay," she said thickly. "It 'ud not be fair to thee, lad."

John laughed softly. His fingers were

The Wooing of Sergeant Mahony's Daughter



"TAKE THEM," HE SAID. "THEY ARE YOURS"

busy among the clustering flowers of his pansy-root. Carefully he chose seven of the blossoms that were fully out. Then he gathered a round leaf and held out the little bunch to Norah.

"Take them," he said in his ordinary tongue. "They are yours. I want you to have them."

For one other minute Norah hesitated. Then she stretched out her hand with a little cry.

"Dost tha know what they call yon flowers?" she asked him tremulously. "'Tis 'heartsease.' An' oh, John, but I believe that tha dost mean what tha says!"

To My Beloved

WHEN thou art glad, Beloved!
When youth has flung life's roses on
thy way,

And April skies are blue, I would be near
To do thy will, surround thee day by day
With Love; I would not have thee fear
Because the rose may fade, but I would make
Each hour a little brighter for Love's sake

When thou art glad!

When thou art sad, Beloved!

When dark across thy pathway glooms the
night

Of pain or sorrow, mine would be the part
To show thee all the deep, unspoken might
Of sympathy divine, until thy heart,

Love-healed, forgot its burden and its pain;
So would I bring thee gladness once again
When thou art sad!

When thou art old, Beloved!

When falls the snow of winter on thy hair
As on the woods when summer days are past,
True Love its dearest message then would dare
To whisper softly to thy heart at last,—
The years grow old, not Love,—and thou
wilt be

For ever young, and sweet, and fair to me
When thou art old!

MARY FARRAH.

The Oldest Art in the World

THE CRAFT OF THE POTTER

BY FRED MILLER

WHEN primitive man sat around his camp fire, which he had kindled by the prolonged and vigorous exertion of rubbing two pieces of dry wood against each other, he noticed that the heat hardened the earth where it was of a sticky, clammy nature, and that this hardening process, if carried far enough, completely changed the clay earth, giving it permanence, so that it withstood the action of water. Some one more analytical, more inquiring than the rest, attempted to do by design what had been produced by chance, for it must have occurred to the most rudimentary intelligence that fire-hardened clay could be made a most useful addition to his few necessary possessions.

If we pause for a moment to glance at the arts of living savage races, we find that in one district the art of the potter is practised with more or less skill, even to the ornamentation of the surface with incised patterns, while a neighbouring people are wholly without such knowledge. Thus we find on a huge continent like Australia the aborigines practise none of the arts like pottery, while on a comparatively small island like New Zealand considerable skill is manifest in this, among the other arts. Why one race should have progressed so much faster than a contiguous one is not explained by environment, and one obvious supposition is that there has always been scope for Carlyle's able man, the individual more thoughtful, more reasonable, more adventurous, whose temperament urged him to experiment, thus to carry knowledge and skill a barleycorn further in the chain of progress. There have come down to us from that remote past, to pierce which is the aim of anthropologists, some drawings of a mammoth and an elk drinking scratched on bones which formed a portion of the cave deposits from the Dordogne (casts may be seen in the British Museum). These drawings are very spirited, and altogether so remarkably good that at first many looked upon these oldest extant drawings as much later than the deposits in which they were embedded in these ancient cave dwellings. They were so

much in advance of any other records of those remote times which we possess, that many were inclined to argue, *a priori*, that they could not have been done by men then living. But just as we find in a village one individual much ahead in skill in some department of human activity which we should not perceive if we merely looked at the average intelligence of the place, so it is reasonable to assume that, through the ages, there have been individuals whose reasoning faculties are much in advance of the average man's, and hence the discoveries of new processes and consequent advance in the arts.



AMONG THE KILNS

The Oldest Art in the World

The bearing of this upon our subject lies in the fact that while the examples of the potter's craft made in Great Britain which have come down to us are rudimentary and evince no particular skill up to the seventeenth century, and after that only in the work of exceptional potters, in other countries on the Continent the very finest work had been produced while we in our island drank out of leather jacks and wooden cups; and it would seem that pottery for the table was so little used, even in the great houses, that Pepys records in his diary, under date Oct. 29th, 1663: "I sat at the merchants' strangers' table (this was at the Lord Mayor's dinner), where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts, but it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden cups."

The earliest examples of the potter's craft in this island are those rude clay vessels found in barrows all over the country. The largest were evidently used as burial urns, as many which have been unearthed contain calcined bones. The burial urn is not unlike a very large flower-pot, with its rim, consisting of a broad band, sloping towards the top inwards. The smaller vessels were probably used to hold food, while drinking cups, and what have been termed incense cups, are found. It has been conjectured that all these clay vessels were intended for sepulchral purposes only, and were never used as domestic utensils. The majority have lines around them, scratched on the surface with a pointed stick, such as could have been produced by revolving the vessel on a wheel, while between are lines something

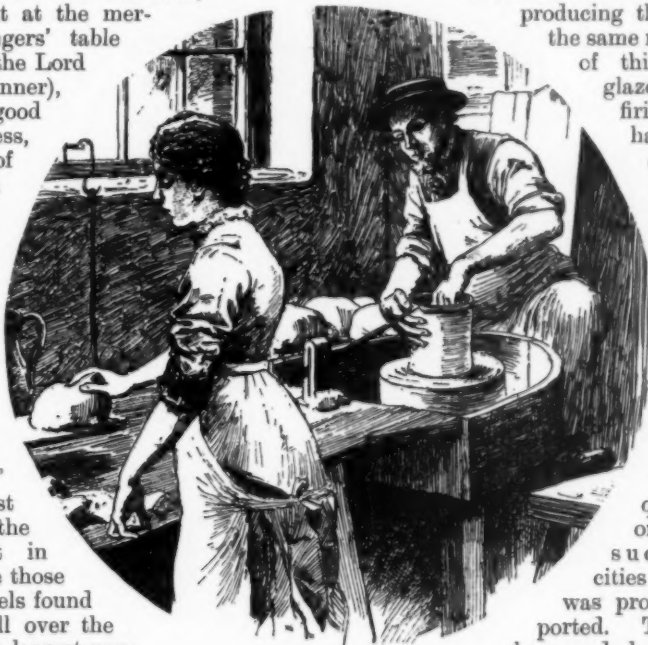
like basket-work, and on one in the Greenwell Collection in the British Museum an ornament is produced by pressing in the shaped end of a stick. Others are ornamented by having had a cord wound around the wet clay. Professor Church states in his book that all these ancient specimens of pottery were built up by hand, and not "thrown" on a wheel; but those who have seen the village potters in India throw vases on a millstone which revolves on a pivot, and is kept in motion by the feet, could well understand the potters who made these ancient British examples, producing them in much

the same manner. None of this pottery is glazed, and the firing of it must have been in the open, and not in kilns.

The Roman influence in Great Britain made itself felt in this, as in other arts, and the beautiful red "Samian"

ware so frequently found on the site of such ancient cities as Silchester was probably all imported. The body is close and hard, and the surface highly finished and thinly glazed. The ornamentation is generally in relief, the

patterns having been pressed and stuck on while the vessel was still wet. This Samian ware is the outcome of a very advanced civilisation, as we see by comparing it with pottery of British make, though under Roman influences. Some of this has been classed under the names of Castor, New Forest, and Upchurch ware, from places where ancient kilns have been unearthed. Examples vary in colour from dark grey to brown, and many are ornamented with "slip," that is, pipeclay or light clay painted on thinly. The ware is glazed, and is thin, hard, and well potted,



THE THROWER

The Oldest Art in the World



TURNING

showing that the craftsmen were fairly skilled.

A great advance was at once made when a good surface was given to the ware by "turning," which not only smoothed it, but made it thin as well, while the addition of glaze showed not only a knowledge of chemistry, but considerable manipulative skill, for in glazing, apart from the difficulty of getting the glaze on evenly, there was the greater difficulty of getting a certain *kinship* between the ware and the glaze. The clay

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should shrink proportionately with the glaze, and in much modern glazed pottery this necessity has been unheeded, and the consequence is that eventually the glaze flakes off the ware. Glazes for pottery are, roughly speaking, a mixture of sand, lead, and soda, and the heat to melt the glaze would with many clays cause the body to run in the kiln. It is, therefore, a question of selecting earths that will stand the heat, or adding sand or other refractory substances to the natural clay. My readers will have noticed in a batch of bricks a good many which have fused together or run where the heat has been too intense. Brick earth is used much as it is dug, except that it is ground up roughly after it has been "weathered," by being exposed to the frost throughout the winter; but earth for pottery must be of a much finer texture, quite free from stones, and if it is a made body the ingredients must be thoroughly incorporated.

The finer bodies have been made by washing the earth through fine sieves, and then driving

off the moisture with heat until the clay is of such a consistency as will keep its shape when thrown or pressed out thin.

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors appear to have given little attention to the arts of peace, and with the decline of the Roman influence we find the art of the potter much neglected. It is astonishing how little has come down to us that is earlier than the seventeenth century. In the Guildhall Museum are a few examples of mediæval pottery, covered more or less with a soft, pleasant

The Oldest Art in the World

green glaze, but these are only of interest because of their age and rarity. The encaustic tiles made in England for ecclesiastical purposes are the only examples of the potter's art worthy of regard. Many of our old cathedrals and abbeys have pavements of these old tiles. The designs, which consist of figures, heraldic devices, and ornamental *motifs*, are incised in the clay, and these lowered portions are then filled in with a light clay, so that usually we have the pattern in a yellowish-white on a deep-red ground. Most of these tiles are glazed.

Staffordshire seems early to have been the home of pottery in England, as it is now the great manufacturing centre. Its contiguity to the great coal-fields as well as the local clays had much to do with the trade gravitating around Stoke-on-Trent, but London holds a worthy record in the history of English pottery. In 1671 John Dwight took out his patent for salt-glazed stoneware, which he made at his Fulham pottery. "The mystery of transparent earthenware, commonly known by the names of porcelaine or china, and of stoneware, vulgarly called Cologne ware," was what he claimed to make. His works are such an advance over all contemporary pottery that we may dismiss the rude slip-decorated Staffordshire pottery—the puzzle jugs, candlesticks, tygs, posset pots and the like, examples of which can be seen in any good museum—of the time as worthy of small notice in such a place as this, where space is very limited. Salt-glazed ware, which Dwight appears to have been the first to practise over here, was suggested to him by the

German pottery so much imported at the time from Cologne and Flanders. It is a moot point when it was first practised in Europe; probably about the fifteenth century. The glaze is due to the action of common salt, which is thrown into the kiln when the ware is fully fired. The heat decomposes the salt, and the sodium given off attacks the silica in the body, and the whole receives a thin coating of glass. This is a chemical, as opposed to a mechanical, glaze, the result of dipping the ware in a bath of liquid glaze, which is melted into glass in the kiln. Salt-glazing is therefore the most perfect method of effecting this; but as this action of salt is only brought about at a very great heat, the body itself has to be made of a very



DIPPING IN GLAZE

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refractory clay, and though there are natural clays which will stand a great heat, Dwight's body was a made one, and to give it its translucence he added ground flints to the earth. His claim, however, to have made porcelain is not borne out by the examples we possess; it is a very hard stoneware. The common white earthenware of everyday use is a mixed body, though white china clay enters largely into its manufacture. Beds of this pipeclay are worked in various parts of the south of England. Salt-glazed ware is largely used for ginger-beer and ink bottles, drain-pipes and other lowly objects, as well as the beautiful Fulham and Lambeth stoneware which is still made.

A few colours, such as blue, purple, and celadon, can be employed, but owing to the intense heat necessary to vitrify stoneware, the palette is necessarily very restricted.

Let us now take a peep into a modern pottery and watch the various operations. With the aid of the cuts the various processes can readily be followed. Clay is naturally plastic, and hence is absolutely essential to potting, but this plasticity can be increased by "plugging." The clay is placed on a floor, and the temperature is raised by means of hot-air pipes. This acts upon the body much as tempering does upon iron, and the thrower, who shapes the articles, requires the clay to be thoroughly homogeneous, and neither too stiff nor too moist. In such articles as are repeated an infinite number of times, like ginger-beer bottles, a girl weighs out the clay into lumps, and passes these one by one to the thrower, who throws the lump on the centre of a wheel revolving horizontally. The wheel is often worked by a boy, for the speed has

to be lessened as the article is being shaped. A beginner's efforts at throwing generally end in the clay being thrown off the wheel, for it is not the simple operation it appears, and men who shape large vases require to be very experienced to prevent the clay collapsing as it is pulled out and up. As it is, vases are thrown much thicker than is required in the finished article, so that when they are "bone dry" they are put on a lathe and "turned," and the surplus clay got rid of and a fine surface given to the ware. If any ornamentation in relief is applied, this must be done before the firing.

The ware is converted by this first firing into "biscuit," and is more or less porous; any painted or other decorations can now be done, and the ware dipped in a bath of liquid glaze (unless it be salt-glazed), and then placed a second time in the kiln, and if the firing is successful the ware is finished.

Over-glaze colours are now put on; and the most elaborate effects can be obtained by these muffle or *petit-feu* colours. Gilding, too, has to be done over the glaze.

A great deal of table pottery is cast or moulded, and the thrower no longer is the important man he was in the old days.

The printing on pottery was invented by Sadler, a Liverpool printer, about 1760, and is the method of decorating employed on all commercial work. The transfer is printed in pottery colours mixed with oil on thin paper, which is laid down upon the ware, the paper burning away in the kiln, leaving the colour on the pottery.

Very often the outline only is printed and the colours put in by hand. This outline may be under the glaze, and the enamel colours are then applied over the glaze.



PRINTING TRANSFERS

The Critic on the Hearth

BY JOHN A. STEUART

"YOU are ambitious, my dear," the Colonel remarked, bowing with his customary gallantry to the young lady classic. "Pardon me, but have you not a special weakness for successful men?" She blushed the soft blush of confession and glanced at the Curate. He knew the ideals that nestled at her heart, the hopes that lightened the present and made the future a fairy paradise. Had she once or twice regretted, very privily, the shadowy part played by a bishop's wife? All the same she was ready to admire a bishop—so soon as the authorities should have the discernment to promote the right man.

"Is it a sin then to be ambitious?" asked Solomon, breaking a delectable pause. "Because if it is it seems to me mighty few of us shall see salvation. Appears to me, sir, that you can't very well get along without ambition. It provides the motive power, being to the mind what the boiler is to a locomotive. Abolish ambition and the machine stands still."

"By that sin fell the angels," quoth the Curate.

"O, did they?" returned Solomon in a high tone.

"The authority is Shakespeare," said the Curate quietly.

"Was the man infallible?" rejoined Solomon warmly. "I object *in toto* to this tyranny of musty apophthegms: we're all the time in the leading-strings of tradition."

"You believe with Bacon that we do too much reverence to old times," said the Curate.

"I believe we're the thralls of dead men, that's what I believe. Had the past a monopoly of wise men? As the world grows older does wisdom evaporate like a volatile essence? Or is there nothing left for us unfortunates of to-day but mouldy crumbs from the worm-eaten tables of dead-and-gone ages? I know all about that angel business of Shakespeare's. I have seen the play in which it occurs, and what is the real fact? A rascally Romish intriguer plays like a gambler, and when he loses, instead of showing a gambler's fortitude or philosophy, he whines about the sins of angels. Appears to me he got what he deserved. 'I charge thee fling away ambition,' says he, as if he had just discovered the true fount of piety. If he had said,

'I charge thee fling away selfishness and greed and hypocrisy, for you see what a wreck they've made of me,' then I should have said Amen. But ambition—no, sir: the moral code of Cardinal Wolsey does not convince me."

"Perhaps we should not expect too much of a butcher's son," remarked the young lady classic. "Early training will out as surely as murder."

In the discussion which followed we were all with Solomon and against Cardinal Wolsey, each of us of course making his own particular reservation. The Curate gently made the plea that holy zeal is nothing but purified ambition, and cited David and the Apostle Paul as two of the most ambitious and at the same time the best men in history. As he described the goodness of the Hebrew king I thought the young lady classic looked uncommonly demure.

"All women," said Solomon, taking up the Colonel's theme, "admire success. Some of them worship it: and I suspect that if the truth were known, they specially admire men of your own profession, sir. As the red coat dazzles the eyes of the nursery-maid, so the swagger and the gold lace have a glamour for her betters."

"Are women alone in that?" asked the young lady classic modestly. "Whom go the crowds forth into the streets to see—is it not the warrior on his war-horse?"

Quite right, madam, quite right. The savage lurks in us all somewhere. Slaughter picturesquely done fascinates the best of us, and we like to look on the man who directed it to a victorious conclusion. Woman too is an incorrigible hero worshipper. Her ideals of course vary with education and social standing. The matron of Mayfair has one notion of heroism: her sister of Whitechapel another. For example, the latter rather ardently respects and admires the barbarian who knocks her down. A black eye is at least a certificate of attention, a visible evidence that there is a man at home who is not a milksop. All women really admire a masterly vigour.

And in this connexion let me say that if you should ever happen to find yourselves in the East End, and come upon a husband in the act of asserting his mastery, you had better, unless the thing threatens to end in red murder,

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allow him to finish. If you interfere you are pretty certain to have two to reckon with instead of one. For, strange as it may seem, there are women in our twentieth-century England who take a thrashing from their husbands as part of the day's routine. Indeed, one is almost tempted to believe that many of them actually enjoy it; and I dare say a few receive benefit. The social code of honour is the absolute submission and subservience of the wife. Hence the peril of interference. Once in the salad days of innocence and inexperience I myself essayed that mistaken form of philanthropy, and received a lesson which promises to last me a long, long time. To my amazement the lady resented my interference much more indignantly than the gentleman. "Ain't I 'is wife?" she screamed at me. "Ain't 'e got a right to wallop me?" and she indicated with doubled fist and truculent mien that if I did not immediately set about minding my own business I should learn what it was to molest an honest man in the exercise of his rights and privileges. As you will perceive, the situation was not favourable for argument or moral suasion. So I apologised for presuming to intrude upon what was, after all, an amiable settlement of marital differences and hastily withdrew.

"I was cheeky," I heard her explain to a neighbour as I went off, "an' Jim 'e 'it out, as a man oughter, when along comes that——" The epithet was lost in a howl of angry derision. I mention this as an instructive experience. I could see that while the woman suffered she heartily admired. Her hero was true to himself and the tradition of his class. What really counted was not her gory punishment, but the higher fact that Jim was still master, and certainly Jim looked masterful enough with his inflamed face and his uncouth brawn. Since then when I find a gentleman of his kidney correcting the woman who has promised to love and obey, I am disposed to imitate the politic priest of Scripture and pass by on the other side.

The young lady classic made some pertinent remarks concerning the modern savage as produced by our twentieth-century civilisation operating through an impeccable Board School. "It is," she declared, "as if you trained a wolf cub in domestic manners, giving a finer point to its intelligence while carefully retaining and developing all its wolfish instincts and propensities. The natural effect is to make the trained wolf more dangerous than the untrained."

Do I believe in reversion to type? With
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certain reservations, madam, I do. You take your heathen, for example, home-made preferably, and you polish him, and refine him, and educate him, and instil into the thick muddiness of what is miscalled his mind a train of civilised ideas: and if you supply him with provender, for a time probably all will go well. He seems to be rising in the scale, at any rate he is docile: but suddenly he is confronted by a great temptation, or passes through a great trial, and, presto! all the superficial accretions are shed and the savage stands forth, raging and unashamed. Yes, madam, the old Adam survives in us all after countless ages of effort to get rid of him.

"Countless?" repeated Solomon, pricking up his ears.

Yes, sir, literally countless, because you cannot count what you don't know: and the history of the race is being pushed back in a manner which our fathers, excellent and enlightened men as they were, would have derided as impossible. Few things are really impossible. The express train, the palatial steamer, the telegraph, the telephone are commonplaces of to-day. The flying machine and wireless telegraphy will be commonplaces of to-morrow. The day after, radium may change all our conceptions of the universe and most of our theories of the sun. Science has done nobly, but in her best effort she has only succeeded in touching the hem of the illimitable garment of truth. Meanwhile Carlyle is right to the point of platitude in saying that miracles never cease if only we have eyes to perceive them.

Most of us having our minds dulled don't know what the really enterprising spirits of the world are achieving. Think, for example, what the single study of Assyriology has done for us. It has laid bare before our startled and fascinated eyes cities and civilisations which had sunk absolutely out of the knowledge of man. It has brought to light records more strange and enthralling than the most enthralling modern romance. Do you know whom I should call the most entrancing of living romance writers? You need not guess any of your Scott-Dumas-Stevenson-Weyman swashbuckling story-tellers. My romancers are named Sayce and Hilprecht, and I maintain their writings touch the high-water mark of romance in our time. You see I strike very near home; for it is not easily that the professional romancer yields precedence to outsiders who enter the lists with nothing

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better than fact. If men ever gave a complete vindication of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction, these men are Professors Sayce and Hilprecht. I have never read more absorbing tales than they tell of buried cities and hidden treasures. The magic caves of Monte Cristo are commonplace in comparison with the newly-revealed wonders of Babylonia. Hilprecht, for instance, tells us that when the recently-found tablets of the Temple library of Nippur are deciphered they will show the great Babylonian civilisation "at a period prior to the time when Abraham left his ancestral home in Ur of the Chaldees." Does not that excite and expand the imagination?

"Ah!" sighed the young lady classic, "how very remote Adam is getting. If he recedes much further the higher critics will be asking if he ever really existed?"

"Yes," said Solomon briskly, "a considerable amount of water has passed under bridges since he made a mess of things in Eden. One of your two great romancers seems to have a German name," he added, looking at me.

He was once German: he is now American; and it is to the enlightened liberality of rich men in the United States that he owes the opportunity to discover ancient civilisations and unearth buried treasure. In some cases, at any rate, American wealth recognises its obligations to the community and the world.

"I wonder what is the matter with our rich men in England?" said the young lady classic. "Is it that they are ignorant or selfish? That they don't know or don't care?"

"Both, I should think," put in Solomon.

"I read the other day," pursued the young lady classic, "that Harvard University received in a single gift the splendid sum of £5,000,000. Think of that for education. And I am told that Chicago University is financed by John D. Rockefeller."

"Perhaps it's like this," remarked Solomon wisely. "Having got so much 'boodle' at the expense of the public, the American millionaire may possibly be touched in his conscience and desire to make some little restitution. That's my view."

"I wish our British millionaires were touched in their consciences," was the response. "Few of them do anything really useful or helpful—even in remorse. A shooting-box in the Highlands, a house in Park Lane, a turn-out that proclaims the *nouveau riche* in every line of its glaring vulgarity, and unlimited amounts for racing and bridge—that seems to be the ideal

of the British millionaire. The gold mines of South Africa and the limited liability combinations of Britain are ruining society."

There was a general murmur of assent. Though not many of us are in the habit of rubbing shoulders with the new millionaire of foreign extraction, most of us have at one time or another been arrogantly warned to make way for his motor; and in other ways have observed his insolence to the canaille who exist merely to pay taxes and carry on the work of the empire.

For the benefit of the young lady classic I related the following incident. Some time ago I was a guest at a public dinner, and right opposite me sat one of the newest new South African millionaires—squat, broad-fronted, self-assertive. It chanced that the much-discussed subject of education cropped up and some one inadvertently spoke of the value of a classical training. The great man laughed scornfully. "Do Greek and Latin help you to make money?" he demanded, his tone implying that there is but one thing in this world worth having, and that he had it in abundance. "I observe," he added with a sneer, "that scholars are generally poor." He spoke according to his kind. I found afterwards that he had not himself been spoiled by any tincture of classical learning or general culture, having started in life in a capacity which there is no need to mention. Now his income is £250,000 a year. Why should he not scorn knowledge and refinement? He has done excellently without them. They are to him, in fact, as pearls to swine. Yet the circumstance that swine do not appreciate pearls does not in the least depreciate their value. As I looked at this king of the money market I thought nature designed him to be—exactly what he was—a hopeless vulgarian, a gratuitous pedant in ignorance. In the lowest sense he was what men call "lucky," that was all.

"Better be born lucky than born rich," quoth Solomon, with an air of infinite wisdom.

Thereupon, I protested, our young friend who spurns tradition, calling us in his contempt the thralls of dead men, would bind us with yet faster fetters. I wish some competent person would write a book exposing the fallacies of proverbs. That proverbial conception of luck as a determining factor in life is as false as a mediæval monk's astronomy. True, people talk loosely of chance, giving it an irrational importance. A few years ago there were few men more envied or admired by a certain section

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of the public than Hector Macdonald. He was the darling of the street and the newspaper. He was a man who had done a man's work in a man's way, and the people were proud of him. The shop-boy who had enlisted as a recruit at Fort George rose by dint of sheer merit, as all admitted, to be Major-General, K.C.B., and Commander of the Forces in Ceylon. I believe his career is unique in the records of the British army. Well, just before he left Ceylon for ever, he wrote a letter to the chaplain of his old battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, which was as a great sigh of weariness and disappointment. One sentence in particular remains in my memory. It ran thus: "I have had a very hard life, and it was largely by chance that it has turned out at many important points as it has done." Macdonald deliberately reviewing his own career attributed much of his success to chance. Luck, in the popular sense, enabled him to mount the ladder. But this is using words misleadingly. What Macdonald really meant by chance was opportunity, which he well knew how to turn to account. It was Macdonald who won the battle of Omdurman. A certain novel which shall be nameless here describes the crisis of that sanguinary fight. Since the book is at hand, permit me as you linger over your dessert to give you one short quotation.

"It chanced that a particular Egyptian brigade offered a tempting point of attack, and when the battle was thought to be lost and won, suddenly, as if they sprang out of the earth, a new host descended howling upon this brigade, bent on annihilation. But watching the onset was the Highland brigadier, and to him fell the glory of furnishing the army with a new object lesson in tactics. . . . Famous tacticians have since sung his praise in superlatives; then every man under him simply marvelled as he obeyed. For in face of what seemed an overwhelming attack the front of the brigade changed thrice, magically as on a pivot. . . . Some say that the battle of Omdurman was won by the genius of the Gael inspiring and transforming Soudanese blacks."

That brigadier was Hector Macdonald, Macdonald Bey as he was known in the Egyptian army. An interesting circumstance not generally known lately came to my knowledge. I understand there is with the Gordon Highlanders to-day, as Scripture reader, a veteran who served, and served well, in the ranks. He rose to be sergeant-major, and it was on his recommendation that the young

private, Hector Macdonald, got his first step of promotion as lance-corporal. Had the sergeant-major, think you, any premonition that he was casually promoting a youth who would one day occupy the proud position once occupied by Sir Colin Campbell at the head of the Highland Brigade? I sometimes think that two very dissimilar men must at least once in their lives have experienced similar emotions of pride: Benjamin Disraeli, when he sent the British fleet to protect Constantinople against the hereditary enemies of his race; and Hector Macdonald on the day he first took out the Highland Brigade. It was broken and depressed after Magersfontein; but the old martial spirit leaped up again at the call of "Fighting Mac," the soldier's ideal soldier. What were his thoughts as he led the brigaded Highlanders forth to victory after defeat? Did his mind revert as in a flash to the raw Highland lad's first experience of Fort George barracks, and the parade-ground far away in the northern heather? How much had come and gone since! He had outstripped not merely all his old comrades in the ranks, but every man who was then an officer of his regiment. He was the first private who ever rose to the command of a British brigade. And he merited his rise as clearly as any of the marshals of Napoleon. Yet one of his last solemn statements was that at many important points his life had turned out what it was largely by chance. It is clear that what was due to merit could not be due to chance. The simple fact is that Macdonald got his opportunity, got many opportunities and seized them all.

"You are convinced, then," said the young lady classic, "that real success is due to real talent taking advantage of opportunity."

That, madam, is the lesson of biography and experience. I am not referring of course to the little-great man whose strut and pose are for ever saying, "See what a wonderful fellow am I." He, poor fellow, has to shout to be noticed at all. I mean men of real achievement. The career of Napoleon, for example, is one long series of opportunities seized. He was fond of calling himself the man of destiny, for whom everything had been prepared. That is the sublime in egotism. But it shows that he was not of those who believe in chance or luck. Destiny, however, likes to try us all, and if you observe closely you will find that the most striking victories are snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of defeat.

"And what is the moral?" asked Solomon,

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arching his eyebrows like one who puts a poser.

This, sir, that adventurous spirits take risks, and that only by taking risks can great victories be gained. You cannot win battles by dozing in arm-chairs. At the same time the hazard may be pushed too far. That way lies disaster. For as bounds have been set to the sea, so a limit, very sharp and arbitrary, has been set for the most daring of adventurers. There's a hand on the rein that pulls us all up when we get heady or reckless. We may go unchecked for a while, but we are fools if we think that because the rein is loose it is no longer held. The moment a man seriously thinks himself a demi-god his fate is sealed. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first delude—by indulgence in his own way.

"Yes," put in the Colonel with conviction. "I have observed that when a man's head is among the clouds it is very apt to go ill with his feet."

"So far as I can make out," said Solomon, his face puckered and crinkled as with thought that would not smooth itself out, "the position is this: without some sort of ambition we can do nothing, and the number of drones going round shows that ambition, I mean the genuine thing, is not precisely as universal as the air we breathe. Even good men often plod like oxen for a handful of provender in the crib. Very well! ambition is the electric current that keeps us going; but then what we do or are or come to be depends on powers outside of ourselves. Now that's a pretty puzzling sort of a doctrine for one who has been in the habit of regarding himself as a free agent. I don't pretend to be much on ancient literature, but isn't that just the old pagan notion brought up to date?"

"You might call it the old Greek fatalism if you like," said the Curate. "It is really the recognition by all thinking minds of the fact that in the ultimate issue of things man is not sovereign lord of the universe; that when, through pride or vanity, he loses his head and apes the demi-god he comes into conflict with forces that are too much for him. He was not meant to be supreme governor. Neither

is he sufficient unto himself; and no clear-seeing person, Christian or heathen, ever really felt he was. Mark, I say felt, because our feelings go deeper and register more truly than our thoughts. Our thoughts jump with our desires; our feelings are intuitional. They lay hold on the finer things, things which even elude the imagination and are much too delicate for the reason, the meanest, according to De Quincey, of all the faculties of the mind."

"Harder and harder," quoth Solomon, "it seems we must strive; but that the results of our striving depend in a measure we never really suspect on extraneous elements and conditions."

"You are getting home at last," said the Colonel quietly. "Only don't imagine that merit does not count. If it didn't the best gifts of God would be wasted; but other things count also, and count tremendously. Would any one in his senses contend that our latter-day millionaires are furnished with the best brains of the age? Are they not rather the apex and acme of the commonplace? And I should like to say here that to my mind the system which makes them possible, which rears them and ministers to them, is socially and economically wrong. We are constantly hearing that so-and-so is worth twenty, thirty, or forty million sterling. As a rule it is all the man is worth. In a properly regulated community it ought to be impossible for any man to accumulate twenty, thirty, or forty millions. Put whatever face you like upon it he has plundered somebody; the chances are he has plundered multitudes. The more millionaires the more paupers. Depend upon it we shall be forced one of these days to deal with the millionaire problem, and to deal with it drastically. With the cancer of poverty at the one end of the social scale and the canker of riches at the other we are getting into an alarming condition."

"I wonder," said the young lady classic wistfully, "how the upper circles like the new accessions."

That, I responded, is a question for another time.



The "East Neuk" of Fife

BY JEANNETTE MARTIN



FIFE FISHING-BOATS

stone, dating from 1598, reveals the fact that its lower base, resting on a flat slab, is fifteen inches below the level of the turf at present, so that the soil in the course of centuries has been largely augmented.

There is a belief, probably due to Wyntoun's rhyming chronicle, that the church was built by David I., of whom it is recounted—

"He illumynyd in his dayis
His landys with kyrkes, and with abbayis."

"But it may more safely be taken as dating from the latter half of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century."



"DEVIL'S THUMB," CRAIL

AMONG the many picturesque holiday resorts of Scotland, few can be found more quaintly attractive than the little Fifeshire seaport of Crail. The most ancient burgh on the northern shore of the Forth, it has a store of historic memories which quite uplifts it from the ordinary dead level of seaside towns. The name is supposed to be derived from one of two Celtic derivations, "Cathair-uille," the fortified place of the corner, or "Cair-uille," the rock of the corner. It has been spelt variously as Karel, Karal, Caryle, and Carel. At one end of the straggling village street stands the "Auld Kirk," a very venerable edifice, surrounded by a churchyard, in which is said to sleep the dust of over twenty thousand! After this it is not surprising to hear that an examination of a grave-



CRAIL "AULD KIRK"

Seven fragments of consecration crosses are still to be found on the walls of Crail Church, though not, of course, in their original places, and most curious relic of all is the sculptured cross on the west wall of the lobby, which is probably the one meant by Sir David Lyndsay—

"And sum, in hope get thare hail
Rynnys to the auld rude of Kerrail."

It is reported that in olden time this cross was much resorted to by sick folks, and believed to possess miraculous powers of healing.

The "Incorporated Trades" had each, in former days, their own pew in the gallery, and these bore quaint inscriptions, appropriate to the handicraft

The "East Neuk" of Fife



ANSTRUTHER

Which reminds us all of our original sin;
But since that sin, the case has altered so,
Were it not for tailors we all might naked go."

In 1517 the old kirk was erected into a Collegiate Church, with Provost, ten prebendaries, sacristan, and a chorister; numerous altars then beautified the building, together with ecclesiastical furniture. But when, in 1559, the fiery tide of John Knox's eloquence was flowing over the land, Crail came in for a full share of iconoclastic zeal, to the great detriment, from an æsthetic point of view, of the sacred edifice.

At the west side of the churchyard gate is a curiously-shaped blue boulder; connected with this is a still more curious legend to account for its presence. While the church was a-building, the ire of his satanic majesty being specially roused against "church-extension," he joined the company of artificers under the guise of a mason, but each night, when the others had left



ST. ANDREW'S CASTLE

of their occupants. For instance, that of the weavers bore the following:—

The coat	weave troth	was with	trust	out seam
woven from		the top		with throughout.

so arranged that the words formed warp and weft.
The blacksmiths' loft bore the motto—

"The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers and worketh it with the strength of his arms."

While the tailors' went off into the following poetic strain:—

"This ancient trade since Adam was a rebel
Justly deserves the head of all the table,
For first in Paradise it did begin,

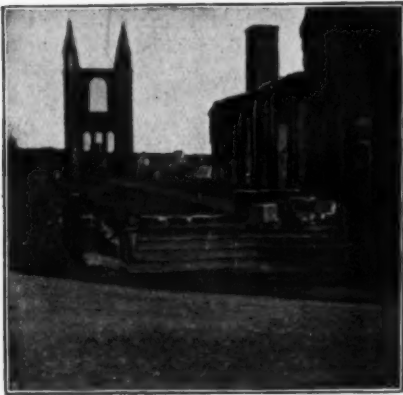


CHALMERS' BIRTHPLACE, ANSTRUTHER

off their tasks, he stayed behind, and destroyed or marred the day's work! Under these circumstances the building naturally progressed but slowly, until one lucky day the good St. Clair paid a visit to Crail, recognised the devil, and summarily banished him to the Island of May! Determined to have his revenge, in spite of all, his satanic majesty seized a huge blue rock, and flung it at the rapidly-rising church. But owing, perhaps, to saintly intervention, the missile split in halves, one falling a mile and a half away, on Balcomie sands; the other, missing its mark very narrowly, dropped at the churchyard gate! The sceptic can still see, if he care, the scooped-out hollow on which the Devil's thumb rested! One fears that the Devil's subsequent visits to the mainland have been more uniformly successful!

Many other quaint relics abound in the old town, and during the past summer an interesting

The "East Neuk" of Fife



RUINS OF ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL

discovery was made in the demolition of an old house of the "seal of the ancient burgh Karale." It dates probably from the twelfth century, and is of copper, with the representation of a ship with seven men, and the stars and crescent, bearing the inscription—

"Sigillum Commune Burgi de Karale."

On the reverse side is a representation of the Madonna and Child.

The neighbouring town Anstruther has an ecclesiastical interest as the birthplace of Thomas Chalmers, first Moderator of the newly-formed Free Church in 1843; a very humble little dwelling it now appears, almost closed in by taller and more modern houses, but still pointed out by the inhabitants with great pride. Anstruther owes most of its mercantile prosperity to the herring fishery, a most important industry,



RUINS OF ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL
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employing, besides men, a large number of women and girls, who salt and pack the fish for the London market. After the season here is passed, the workers go down to Great Yarmouth and other English ports, so they are able to obtain high wages for a considerable portion of the year.

A beautiful drive from Crail brings the tourist to St. Andrews, too well known to require much comment. From a far distance can be seen the old Cathedral ruins, with St. Regulus' tower at one side, dating far back to the twelfth century, while the cathedral, consecrated in presence of Robert the Bruce, bears traces of its stormy history. Partially destroyed by fire, it was restored; but on one ill-omened day in 1559, John Knox's fiery zeal took too potent a hold over his listeners, and the grand old building was partially wrecked. As the old rhyme puts it, the populace—

"Wi' John Calvin in their heads,
And hammers in their hands, and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the cathedral down."

That portion, once the high altar, is in the best preservation, and on a still summer day it is at once a beautiful and pathetic sight to watch the doves busily flying in and out of the now empty windows, which formerly shed sunlight on so glorious a church.

A short distance from these ruins, right on the shore, stands the ancient Castle. Originally intended for an ecclesiastical residence, by Bishop Roger in 1200, it was afterwards used as a fortress, and is chiefly interesting now for its gruesome "bottle-dungeon," so called from its shape. Below sea-level, and hence dark, damp, and dreary, many, both of martyrs and political prisoners, were imprisoned here, such names as Patrick Hamilton and Wishart are found on the roll, and commemorated by the "Martyrs' Monument" on the "Scores." "The old grey city by the sea," so quaintly built on a projection of rock, sprang up originally round a Culdee monastery, in the early days of Christianity, and was called *Muckross*, but afterwards changed to St. Andrews, when a monk, coming across to Scotland, brought with him from Achaia some of the bones of the national saint. It was created an archiepiscopal see by Sixtus IV., the last archbishop being Dr. James Sharpe, who was foully murdered on Magus Moor in 1679.

The "East Neuk" of Fife

It is to be feared, however, that the historic traditions of old St. Andrews have less interest to the casual visitor than the charms and hazards of glorious golf! While in the churchyard a path through the grass towards the grave of "Tommy," the youthful golf champion, is worn bare by the tread of hundreds of admiring athletes, the quiet resting-places of Rutherford, Hallyburton,

and many old divines, remain in unbroken solitude season after season! It requires a very modern training to reckon golf proficiency among the excellences recorded on a man's tombstone!

But the "East Neuk" of Fife and its neighbourhood is undoubtedly a happy hunting-ground for any one interested in old historical traditions.

The Bard of the Seasons



HAS been remarked of James Thomson, the famous Scottish poet of Richmond-on-Thames, that his popularity lasted with much brilliance for about a century after his death, but has considerably declined during the past fifty years.

This seems strange, for Thomson's century of fame was an undoubted achievement both in England and America, while in his native country he was affectionately admired, and well-thumbed copies of the *Seasons* were constantly to be met with in the cottages of the poor. Sir Walter Scott said towards the close of his own career in romantic poetry, "Byron beat me"—but the case between these two is certainly reversed at the present day. Similarly, Wordsworth may have superseded Thomson to some extent, yet the pious enthusiasm of the older poet may prove imperishable, and his works find renewed acceptance in days to come.

James Thomson was born on September 11, 1700, at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, where his father was a respected minister of the Church of Scotland. His mother, whom in body and spirit he much resembled, was a lady by birth, of the old Border family of Hume.

An admirable portrait, which hangs in a good place of the National Portrait Gallery in London, puts us now-a-days in very complete possession of the look of the poet "in his habit as he lived." The massive countenance bears a considerable

likeness to that of Robert Burns. The features are heavier, and the large, dark eye lacks the glow; but it suggests a possibility of being lit up, on occasion, as in fact the friends of Thomson used to say it was. He wrote verses from his earliest years, and like so many eminent Scotsmen was intended by his parents for the Church—in his case not unwillingly, although he sought to minimise his attendance upon college lectures, and tried to convince his parents that he "could study far better in the fields at home." Eventually in the Divinity Hall, where a Scriptural discourse was prescribed to the students, Thomson produced a paraphrase of the 104th psalm, so gorgeous in style that the learned professor, while expressing his admiration, at the same time warned the poet of the need to "clip his wings," if he would edify an ordinary congregation.

This event is said to have determined him to quit the pursuit of the sacred ministry. But it seems likely that the question of delivery had still more to do with the change; for of James Thomson it was remarked that in his reading of any noble theme, his emotions overpowered his utterance, "and you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds rising as from the bottom of his breast."

He bade the Church farewell; but the unction of a preacher remained with this great poet to his dying day. In the sweet lines of Thomas Moore—

"You may break: you may shatter the vase if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still!"

Some friends of his mother advised him to go up to London as his proper sphere,

The Bard of the Seasons

and Thomson at the age of twenty-five set out for the Metropolis by sea, carrying his poem of "Winter" among his baggage, and a capital set of letters of introduction to eminent Scotsmen in his pocket. Arriving in the Thames, the first sight of London fairly enthralled him, and landing to walk to Hanover Square, he took three long hours to accomplish the journey—to get past St. Paul's Cathedral, then gleaming white in the freshness of its recent building, or to move under Temple Bar, with its ghastly row of mouldering heads of rebels, and when he reached the West End he found his pocket had been picked of all his precious letters.

Thomson used, in after days, to tell this incident to his friends, and laugh heartily with them at the disaster which had been invited by his own gaping simplicity. Lord Advocate Forbes and others assisted him to procure a publisher for his "Winter"; but at first it seemed like to have fallen still-born from the press. However, it only needed to be read, and one day a gentleman of culture taking up the little volume at the bookseller's counter is said to have let it fall, in the "sensation" with which the opening lines had affected him. Readers even yet might say, "No wonder," when the lines were these—

"See Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours and Clouds and Storms. Be these my
theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred
glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Trode the pure virgin snows, myself as pure:
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Looked out the joyous Spring, looked out and
smil'd."

The literary world of that period had been suffering for years from a glut of the unwholesome in verse, where gross immorality alternated with affectation and "fustian," and here came the poetry of Thomson with its purity and piety like refreshing airs from heaven.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once outwitted his

friends by reading a passage from the *Seasons*, evoking their admiration, and then saying, "Why, now I have left out every other line or so!"

But the merry prank proves too much, and might be practised upon many more.

A notable redundancy does certainly characterise the style of Thomson in that one great poem, while of no other of his works can the same thing be said. But with "Nature boon" for his theme, it may be safely pronounced "a fault that leans to virtue's side."

Among the multitude of gifted word-painters of all ages, he is distinguished by the constant application to Nature of terms that are expressive of the emotions of the soul. The wintry sun "scarce spreads thro' ether the *dejected* day." "Along the moorish fens, sighs the *sad* genius of the coming storm." With wondrous swiftness of touch and breadth of range the signs of an approaching tempest are marked from where "with broadened nostrils to the sky upturned, the conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale," to where the cottage-housewife at her spinning-wheel also scents it by a very different sign, and as she

"draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast."

There is no lack of episodes purely human, and with a pathos that goes straight to the heart, as that of the man lost in the snow. The "thick flakes" make the danger, till in his own "loose-revolving fields" he knows not his whereabouts—

"From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home."

The danger deepens in the terror and exhaustion of the victim—

"In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestments warm."

"On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold
Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern
blast."

From the mournful accident of the moors the fancy's flight is to the protracted tragedy of the poor in their suffer-

The Bard of the Seasons

ings under stress of winter, with a noble appeal for "thought" on the part of the rich, and an eloquent survey of the evil which happens for want of it.

Having preached mercy with all his heart, the poet turns to what the season best affords in opportunity of self-culture and "high converse with the mighty dead."

A procession of great names, ancient and modern, passes before us in lines of epigrammatic force, then the poet takes up the topic of the city's amusements, some of which he visits with a pure and lofty tone of censure—

"The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls, and in one gulph
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink."

In further scenes of vanity, with "Tapers and sparkling gems and radiant eyes," the censor delivers his keenest stroke where—

"The fop, light-fluttering spreads his mealy wings."

Other and purer forms of recreation are suitably eulogised. Again the energies of winter are depicted, and a charming description is given of the process of the frost.

"An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mad career
Arrests the bickering stream,"

till there is constructed

"A crystal pavement by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm."

"Loud rings the frozen earth"

under the foot of the traveller, while his eyes glance upward where

"the full ethereal round
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view
Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole."

Excursions of fancy, which look incoherent unto grotesqueness when baldly enumerated, are made to wear a perfect grace. Now the poet is describing sports upon the ice, and now he has plunged into the horrors of the Frigid Zone, where British gallantry had invaded it, and a fearfully sublime picture is given of the fate of the expedition of Sir Hugh Wil-
loughby—the Sir John Franklin of his day, in the age of Queen Elizabeth—

"Such was the Briton's fate
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared !)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate sealed, he with his hapless crew
Froze into statues—to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm !"

A digression is made to the career of the Czar Peter the Great, as he works to raise his land from barbarism in spite of its long yearly binding under the fetters of frost. The end of the theme is sensibly approaching, and expressions are thrown out significant of the breaking up of the reign of winter—

"Muttering the winds at eve with blunted point
Blow hollow blustering from the South. Sub-
dued
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw."

With fine skill the poet produces a fact rarely noticed except by sailors—that a thaw on land is apt to mean a storm at sea. This is powerfully described, and notwithstanding the recent mention of a thaw, the culminating lines are given—

"'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest
glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year,
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful !"

The course of Nature is turned into a parable of human life—

"Pass some few years—
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
strength;
Thy sober Autumn fading into age;
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene."

Swiftly the poet assumes the task of a preacher of Life and Immortality brought to light in the Gospel—

"'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free."

A moment more, and the dark season has suggested some of the darker mysteries of Providence—distressing enigmas of this world—"neglected worth," "sufferings of the innocent," the "superstitious scourge"

The Bard of the Seasons

over millions, the ravages of "licensed pain" to which all are liable—and this great poem ends with the apostrophe—

"Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more;
The storms of *Wintry Time* will quickly pass
And one unbounded *Spring* encircle all."

It is the general opinion of critics that

Thomson has been more successful with his "Season of Winter" than with any of the other three. If so, the reader may reflect that this is characteristic of all the literature of renown. Poets, as a rule, have proved more successful with the dark than with the bright side of things, from Dante and Milton onward, and in that, it has been said, ere now, perhaps too many preachers have followed them.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

Life in Natal

BY ANNIE G. PORRITT



COLONY of Natal, in spite of its settlement by the Dutch, and of the Dutch name of its capital and of many of its smaller towns, is much more English than is Cape Colony. This characteristic is more clearly marked in Natal country life than

in its cities. The English predominate in the cities of Cape Colony, especially in the Eastern Province in such cities as Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown, but the farmers of Cape Colony, who form the larger part of the white population, are overwhelmingly Dutch. In Natal, the farmers are largely of English descent, and in the country, and in the smaller towns and villages, the general manner of life is English rather than Dutch.

A stranger who has the privilege of visiting the homes of well-to-do Natal settlers—business men or farmers—will be struck at once by both the similarities and the differences in Natal and English life. The general aspect of the houses differs chiefly in that the Natal houses are usually one-storeyed. They are built of brick and stone—never, as in Canada and the United States, of wood—and are roofed with tiles or corrugated iron. On being shown in, one usually finds oneself in an exact replica of an English middle-class drawing-room,

even to the patterns of the antimacassars which adorn the very English chairs and sofas. The furniture naturally enough is English in appearance, as by far the greater part of the furniture, carpets, table-ware and linen used in Natal is imported from Great Britain; and with the furniture have been imported all the English traditions of neatness, care, and scrupulous cleanliness in household management.

Much more important to the house-mistress than the difference between one storey and two, three or four storeys is the difference between Natal and English servants. It often seems to me that the Englishwomen who so perpetually complain of the shortcomings of English servants should make a round of the English colonies and the United States, and come home again to their unappreciated blessings in a wiser and gentler frame of mind. The Natal housekeeper has a choice between Indian coolies and Kafirs as servants, with an occasional variation in the shape of a St. Helena coloured woman—generally a mulatto—or perhaps a white nurse-girl or mother's help.

The Indian coolies are brought to Natal under the auspices of the Colonial Government, and come under contract to serve five years. During this time they are known as indentured Indians. They are obliged to obtain passes from their masters when they leave his premises, and if they quit work without permission, they are liable to imprisonment as deserters. The Government pays their passage in the first place; but the master to whom they are assigned

has to repay the Government in yearly instalments, and he in turn makes a deduction from the monthly wages of the coolies.

Every coolie is under the care of the Protector of the Indians, who is a Government official, and whose duties are to supervise the treatment and secure the welfare of all Indians under indentures. The master to whom Indians are assigned must provide medical attendance in case of sickness, and is always liable to a visit of inspection by a deputy of the Protector. The Indians are also at liberty at any time to make a reasonable complaint of their treatment before any magistrate, and if the complaint is well founded, they cannot be punished for leaving their work to appear in court. If, however, the complaints are found to be unreasonable, the magistrate may authorise the master to make some small deduction from the wages of the coolie to compensate for the loss of time. If a coolie is unhappy with a master he can apply for a change, and in such a case he is usually assigned to another master. At the end of five years, the Indian has the choice of a free passage back to India; of reindenturing for another five years, in which case he receives a bonus (there are no further deductions from his wages for passage money, and he still has an opportunity to return free to India at the end of his term); or he may elect to remain in Natal as a free Indian, in which case he must take out an annual licence costing three pounds.

Indians were first brought to Natal in the sixties. The census of 1862 gives the number then in the country as 1184. When the census of 1891 were taken, there were about 40,000 Indians in Natal. Since then the number has been more than doubled. In the Statistical Year Book of Natal the figures for 1901 are 74,385 Indians, as against 63,821 white people, and 786,912 natives. In July 1902 it was estimated that there were at least 88,000 coolies in the Colony, and there were also over 41,000 requisitions for Indians from employers awaiting the action of the Natal Government Board of Indian Immigration.

As might be inferred from the figures I have quoted, very few Indians elect to return to India on completing the five years' indenture. By far the greater number take out the licence and remain in the country. Most of the coolies go to the sugar and tea plantations on the Natal coast.

It was to develop these industries that the Natal Government took up the plan of assisting Indian immigration. The rest of the indentured coolies are farm labourers, workers on railways, and domestic servants. The free Indians are, in addition, hawkers and small traders and farmers, and some of the better educated, clerks and office boys. Some of them have prospered exceedingly. They dress as well as any Englishman, travel first-class on the railways, and except for their colour appear much like any of their white fellow-subjects.

The indentured coolies usually settle down contentedly to their five years of bondage. There are cases, of course, of restlessness, and repeated desertion, and even occasionally of suicide. But it is impossible to get good work out of an unwilling coolie—the master is absolutely forbidden to use any violence towards even the laziest or most impertinent Indian—and an indentured coolie who finds himself unhappy with his master has little difficulty in getting an exchange. The coolies are very much quicker and defter than the Kafirs, and make better servants and cooks. Coolie women as well as coolie men are sometimes employed in housework, but the men outnumber the women in Natal by 16,000, and most of the women are found in the homes of the Indians and do not engage in outside work. It is one of the peculiarities of Natal housekeeping that both kitchen and house work is done by boys or men, and even the care of the little children is often entrusted to a Kafir *umfahn*, or nurse-boy.

Kafir is a general term for all South African natives. It is not a name of their own choosing, but is an Arab word, meaning an "unbeliever," which was first applied by the early Arab traders and slavers, and was afterwards adopted by the Dutch and English. The Kafirs of Natal belong to the tribes that were harried and conquered by the Zulus in the days of the chiefs Chaka and Dingaan. The language generally spoken by the white people to the Kafirs is called "Kitchen Kafir," and is a degraded form of their own language with a large admixture of English words. The coolies quickly pick up this Kitchen Kafir, and it is the general medium of communication between masters and mistresses and their coloured servants.

The great drawback to the employment of Kafirs as servants is the fact that no

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prolonged or continuous service can be got from them. From three to seven months is the usual time that a Kafir is willing to work. He then returns to his kraal for some months' rest, and does not go out to work again until he has exhausted all his savings and is ready for fresh scenes and occupation. This habit of the Kafirs is the despair of the Natal housekeeper. It is rarely possible to staff the household entirely with coolies. The rougher kitchen work and the nursing is usually done by Kafirs. Kafir servants command lower wages than coolies, but the mistress has to find all the clothes that they wear while in her service. House boys usually wear white duck tunics and knickerbockers trimmed with red braid. The Kafir nurse-girls wear simple little print frocks. All go barefooted, as do also the coolies.

It is a much dreaded moment when the housekeeper has to part with her Kafir nurse-girl, who with much patience has been taught the difference between cleanliness and filth, and who to her natural good humour and buoyant spirits has added some little power of observation and ability to make herself useful. But the father and mother come and take her back to the kraal, where she will at once drop her civilised frock and resume her beads and blanket; forget all about the comfort of a bath, and resign herself again to the companionship of innumerable vermin.

The first thing to be done with the newcomer is to divest her carefully of every rag of clothing which she has brought from her kraal, and to direct operations while she takes a bath. As this is probably her first experience of the process, she cannot be blamed for not knowing exactly how it should be performed. Then she must be shown how to put on her civilised clothes, and it will probably be many days before her unaccustomed fingers master the difficulties of buttons and buttonholes. Then begins the long and wearisome struggle to teach her what cleanliness in the house means, and also to instruct her in the use of household appliances. Fortunately the babies and little children take warmly to their Kafir nurses. If it were not so it is almost inconceivable that any mistress should worry herself with the work of instruction which has to be freshly undertaken every six or seven months.

Both Kafir and coolie servants usually

have their rations, and the men are provided with sleeping accommodation in out-buildings. There is no need for beds in servants' rooms. A good dry floor and a blanket is all they require, and a Kafir fresh from his kraal would refuse to sleep in a bed if it was offered to him, and by preference would roll himself in his blanket and lie down on the ground. The Kafir rations consist chiefly of mealie meal, of which they make an excellent porridge, bread and sugar. The rations of the coolies consist of rice and fish, and are usually given to them once a week.

There is no rest for a mistress who wishes to keep her coolie and Kafir servants up to her own standard of cleanliness and efficiency. Everlasting vigilance and supervision are necessary, and even after a duty has been performed ninety-nine times under the eye of the mistress, if she is absent on the hundredth occasion, the work will most likely be done wrong or imperfectly. This need of constant supervision is given as one reason for the preference for houses all on the ground floor, because it is easier to keep the servants in view when all the rooms are on one level than when the house consists of two or more storeys.

Gardens in Natal are a delight winter and summer. In winter, which is the dry season in Natal, with a little care in watering, English summer flowers and vegetables can be grown to perfection, and a Natal garden in winter is sweet with mignonette and gay with pansies, petunias, stocks and geraniums. In summer, flowers of a much more tropical kind are in bloom; and all the year round the careful gardener may have abundant supply of fruit belonging both to the temperate and the subtropical zones.

The houses are all built with roomy verandahs, and people live outdoors much more than in England. There is frequently a well-sheltered verandah convenient to the kitchen, in which all the daylight meals are served; and needlework, reading and conversation are carried on out of doors much more than within. It is largely this possibility of living outdoors all the year round which gives Natal its reputation as a health resort for people whose lungs are affected; and many a man is leading a busy and useful life in inland Natal, who would have been in his grave years ago had he continued the indoor life of an English invalid.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

III.—Schools for the Mentally and Physically Defective

IT was not until long after the School Board had adopted the principle of special schools for the blind and deaf, that the need was recognised of special provision being made for other classes of afflicted children. Amongst half a million children there must inevitably be a considerable number, besides the blind and the deaf, who suffer from mental or physical infirmities which unfit them from profiting to the full by the instruction given in the ordinary schools.

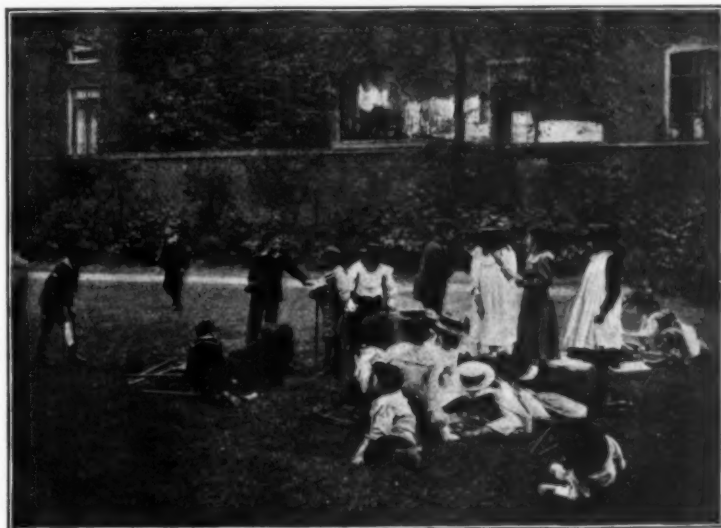
In 1892 the Board decided to open two special schools for mentally and physically defective children, and the number has since been greatly increased, until there were in March 1903 sixty-one centres for mentally defective and eight for physically defective children, with many more in course of construction or projected. Mrs. Burgwin, a lady

who had previously done good service as head-teacher of one of the Board's most difficult schools, has been organising superintendent of this special work from the beginning, and under her supervision a very extensive and efficient organisation has been built up, which, if it does not yet meet the needs of every afflicted child in London, goes a very long way in that direction.

The schools for defective children seldom have more than sixty or eighty on the roll, and the classes are limited to twenty

scholars. The largest school for the mentally defective is at Shillington Street, Battersea, where there are about 120 children; and here, perhaps, better than at a smaller centre, we can examine the system of instruction in detail, and see many types of the defective child.

It is a sad and pathetic sight—this congregation of dullards; I know no sadder in the whole range of School Board work.



SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLES, TAVISTOCK PLACE: AT PLAY IN THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S GARDEN

Every child has been certified as defective by the Board's medical officer; but indeed most of them carry their deficiency so clearly expressed in their features and their demeanour that it needs no expert to discover it. Most of the children are almost as poor specimens physically as mentally; hardly a child in the school is really robust. These children mark the last stage in the gradual degeneration of a once vigorous stock. Here is a glimpse of the tragedy of London life. The school is a grim object lesson in the effects of horrible

London School Board Pictures



SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLES, TAVISTOCK PLACE:
EMBROIDERY CLASS

material conditions of life intensified by vicious habits. And we are not surprised when Mrs. Clark, the able and devoted head-mistress, who knows the home conditions of most of her young charges, tells us that one child's father is in a criminal lunatic asylum, that the father of another is in prison, that the mother of a third is an habitual drunkard, and that nearly all come from the poorest of homes.

Many are the problems which a school for the mentally defective suggests to the social reformer. To the teacher the main problem is how to develop such dim faculties as the children have, to brighten their lives, and to fit them to earn their own living in part, if not entirely. The work has to be largely individual, for each child is a separate study. Some, though very dull at mental work, are fairly clever with their fingers. Others are altogether slovenly and inaccurate in their handwork, and can hardly be taught to rule a straight line. Some few seem to be fairly receptive, but to lack the power of expression. And this is a weakness which is, to a greater or less degree, common to the majority of children in these schools. Many, when first they come to school, cannot speak intelligibly. They have to be taught to speak, and "articulation" forms a subject of in-

struction in every class. A child will sometimes learn to recite distinctly, and even to answer questions in class fairly well, but will lapse into incoherence when out of school. As a rule, imitative work—writing, drawing, etc.—is found much easier than that which involves reasoning.

The teachers in these schools must be endowed with almost miraculous patience. One might suppose the dulness of the scholars and the slowness of the progress would have a depressing effect upon the teachers. But the work has its compensations, and some

of the teachers get quite fond of it. They watch eagerly for the signs of growing intelligence, and rejoice in every forward step, as a nurse might rejoice in the improving health of her patients. The poor, weak brains, of course, must not be overtaxed. Every lesson is very short, and the purely mental occupations are varied by a considerable number of handwork subjects, which, while developing manual skill, also stimulate the intelligence.

And to what purpose, it may be asked, is all this elaborate and costly work on behalf of the feeble and degenerate? There must be some in the special schools whom no amount of patient effort will ever lead beyond the merest rudiments of learning,



SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLES, TAVISTOCK PLACE: AT DINNER

London School Board Pictures

and who probably will never be fit to earn their own living. Is not the time and money spent on such hopeless cases entirely wasted? By no means. Even their dull intelligence is in some degree sharpened by their life at school, a little brightness and interest are added to their lives, they become more self-respecting and acquire habits of cleanliness and order. And this is no small boon to the children themselves, to their friends, and to the community; for without such training many must have

some employment of a not very exacting nature by which they will be able to earn a modest livelihood. Mrs. Clark told me of one and another of her old pupils who were earning their own living respectably and happily. They were but hewers of wood and drawers of water, yet she spoke of them with the same pride and delight with which a teacher in an ordinary school might speak of scholarships and university degrees—and who shall say with less reason? It is in the light of these results that one under-



TENNYSON STREET SCHOOL: MAT-MAKING

degenerated still further, becoming a nuisance and a burden to themselves and to their families.

But there are other pupils of whom much better things can be recorded. Under the gently stimulating influence of the special school, the defective child approximates more and more closely to the normal, until after a few years he is able to return to the ordinary school, to share successfully in the work of normal scholars, and obtain a good situation when he leaves school. Others for whom this is not possible may, after passing through the special school, obtain

stands the patience, devotion, and even enthusiasm of some of the teachers in what to so many would be a most irksome and depressing task.

Until a few years ago the physically and mentally defective children were grouped together. This was a bad arrangement for the little cripples, many of whom were of at least average intelligence. It was owing in great measure to the efforts of Mrs. Humphry Ward that the Board decided in the autumn of 1898 to open the first school for crippled children in the rooms of the Passmore Edwards Institute, in Tavistock

London School Board Pictures



TENNYSON STREET SCHOOL: BASKET-WEAVING

Place. The work proved so successful, and was so much appreciated by parents and children, that the Board soon decided to extend it until all the crippled children in London should be gathered into schools specially adapted to meet their needs. The report for 1903 shows that there were at Lady-day 422 children in schools for the physically defective; but as there are more than 1500 of such children in London of the elementary school class, it will be seen that the work of providing for them is as yet far from complete.

The difficulty of getting the little cripples safely to and from school is met in a very interesting way. Every morning at about half-past eight an ambulance drawn by a horse of sturdy build and even temper sets out from the school in charge of a trained nurse. It traverses the neighbouring streets, picking up here and there a little group of scholars at the corner of a street, or more often at the home of a kindly mother who is not willing that her own or other people's crippled children should wait about the streets. Those children who cannot walk at all are fetched right from their own doors, and carefully lifted into the ambulance. The larger centres have two ambulances, and each makes two or more journeys.

By about ten o'clock all the children are safely in school. The nurse remains at school all day, superintends the preparation

of dinner, and takes the children home in the afternoon. She will also, if necessary, adjust bandages and attend to slight ailments; but the work being strictly educational, very bad cases, and those requiring medical or surgical treatment during the day, are not admitted.

The school at Tavistock Place is interesting as being the pioneer institution of the kind, and also by reason of its sur-

roundings, which are in many ways different from those of the ordinary Board School. The children here have the great advantage of being able to play in the fine old garden belonging to the Duke of Bedford, which adjoins the grounds of the Settlement, and which the Duke places at the disposal of the children during their recreation time. But it is to one of the newer schools that one should go in order to see the normal type of London School Board cripple school.

The largest centre is at Tennyson Street, Battersea, where the accommodation is for eighty children. But this is now considered a little too large, as the children have to be collected from an inconveniently large area. A central hall, which serves as a dining-room, with bright, light class-rooms leading from it, is the plan of building generally adopted. The equipment is very complete, the comfort of the children being considered in every possible way. Comfortable cane-seated chairs with table-flaps and leg-rests are provided in three different sizes; there are wheeled chairs, by means of which children who cannot walk can move from room to room with the greatest ease, and adjustable couches for those who have to maintain a recumbent position, and for others who may need occasionally to lie down and rest.

It is a pathetic little company that gathers in a cripple school. Many kinds of deformity

London School Board Pictures

are represented; there are many cases of paralysis, and the few children who appear quite well suffer from very weak hearts. But, indeed, when one sees the children in school, their infirmities are by no means obtrusive, and at times one might suppose that teachers and scholars alike have forgotten all about them. For the most part the children look remarkably happy, and enter with zest into the varied occupations of the day. It is the same here as we have already noted in the case of the blind and the deaf. School seems to be the bright spot in the lives of these afflicted children. And no doubt to many that will seem the supreme merit of these schools. But of course they do a genuine educational work. The main object is education; the happiness is incidental.

Another incidental, but very important benefit, is the improvement in bodily health that often results from attendance at the cripple school. Although the school attempts no hospital work, it often proves the best possible sanatorium. The good, wholesome mid-day meal, the pleasant occupation, the companionship, the new interests and ambitions, all tell beneficially upon the physical health. And especially valuable in this direction is the exercise obtained at school. The children are taught to exert themselves and use to the utmost the bodily powers they possess, with the natural result that these powers are strengthened. Children who have been brought to the cripple school unable to walk a step have found that after a few months they could walk about the school-rooms and playgrounds without assistance, and hands and arms that seemed almost helpless with paralysis have been trained to a considerable measure of usefulness. The school lessons only last for about three hours daily, instead of five and a half as in the ordinary schools, for care must be taken not to overtax the feeble frames; the children for the most part are bright enough, but they very soon get tired.

Handwork of a light character plays an im-

portant part in the school curriculum, for it is upon their deftness of hand and finger that for most of these children the chance of earning their own living will depend. Chair-caning, the making of scrap and wool rugs, and geometrical cardboard models, basket-weaving, and (for the girls) needlework—including embroidery and lace-making—are the chief occupations at Tennyson Street. At Tavistock Place, besides several of these occupations, bent iron work and macramé work are taught. At another school I found that boys and girls were learning to knit, and the teacher was proposing to introduce dressmaking for some of the elder girls.

An important incident in the day's proceedings is the mid-day dinner, the arrangements for which are under the control of a voluntary committee. The children pay twopence each, except in a few cases of extreme poverty, when a penny or even less is paid. But small as the payments are, they suffice to cover the cost of a good, nourishing dinner of meat and vegetables, followed by pudding. Often the Hon. Maude Lawrence, the chairman of the Special Schools Committee, shares in the kindly service of waiting on the children. And after dinner the ladies will chat with the children or join them in a game, thus bringing into their lives a little refining and brightening influence from the outside world.



THE AMBULANCE LEAVING TENNYSON STREET SCHOOL

Dr. Elgar's Oratorio, *The Apostles*

BY MYLES B. FOSTER



HERE was a time when England held the chief position in music among European nations, when her motets and madrigals were superior to those of all other schools.

From the day upon which we forsook our strong British individuality

and went, at the bidding of a king, to France and Italy for our models, our deterioration commenced, and a weak adaptability ensued which sapped our strength and our national idiom alike. Our last strong man in the seventeenth century, who, we know, did not favour the innovations beloved by Charles II., was the great Henry Purcell. As time went on, we fell lower and lower until we became a nation of importers and adapters of other countries' music. The candle of our artistic light was practically blown out, and, but for a few faint flickers, we were struggling in darkness.

Music, the youngest sister of the Arts, is the latest to undergo "renaissance," and in England this is most recent of all. "Ye must be born again" applies to Arts as well as to Artists.

Supremacy in music has its cycle, as, in the eternal fitness, other systems have, and having been taken from us after Elizabeth's reign, it has circled through other parts of Europe, stopping, *apparently*, an extra long time in Germany, but now it is, as that greatest of German musicians, Brahms, prophesied, coming back to Great Britain once more. We must never, amid triumphs to come, forget the strenuous labours of such pioneers as Mackenzie, Goring-Thomas, Hubert Parry and Villiers Stanford, with whom were the heat and burden of the day, and by whom the rough places were made plainer for their successors, amongst whom steps out Edward Elgar, the latest and most daring of them all, who appears to have shaken off all models and to have become a law and idiom to himself. Unknown fifteen years ago, he stands to-day in the front rank as a creative

musician. The Spirit of the Lord is upon him to preach the Gospel.

The almost revolutionary methods which he adopts, not so much in colouring, although his orchestration is of the most modern, as in his harmonic progressions, strike one occasionally as being so bizarre as to appear affected and sensational, but this is largely compensated by the strength of conviction which most of his originality carries with it.

In his latest work, *The Apostles*, Parts I. and II. of which I will endeavour to describe after a first hearing, I find much evidence of this deep conviction, and of the undoubted sincerity which pervades every scene. Surely these two points, the conviction that you have a gospel to preach and illustrate, and a perfect sincerity in your method, however modern, of preaching it, are the secrets which should ensure permanent success, compelling the respect and, with time, the love of the listeners.

If you have nothing *real* to say, depend upon it your audience has nothing to respond to, and, as Sterndale Bennett wittily put it, "'twere better not to say it"—but, given a message and, as Marconi has it, a transmitter and receiver in accord, or, in other words, something to sympathise about, and that sympathy established, then a great good work is being effected and the sad, weary world is the better for it. In *The Apostles* we have a teacher and a message.

Those who have seen the reams upon reams of paper covered with notes but devoid of real music, like a series of letters which do not form words, will know how rare a true teacher bearing a real message has become!

Elgar has proved considerable knowledge of Bible passages in context, by his suggestive arrangement of the words and scenes employed.

The subject, a vast one, is the building up of Christ's Church here on earth through the medium of His simple followers, who, through the Holy Spirit, are to become His Apostles.

At present only Parts I. and II. of this great idea have been completed, taking the narrative as far as our Lord's Ascension.

Dr. Elgar's Oratorio, *The Apostles*

I hear that Part III. will narrate the descent of the Holy Spirit and the following Acts of the Apostles.

The work begins with a Prologue, in which the chorus depict Jesus as the Anointed One, sent to earth to preach the Gospel to the poor, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

In this Prologue appear many of the *leitmotiven*, short themes connecting the music with each character or condition which it is desired to illustrate.

This system of "labelling" is new to sacred music, if we exclude Wagner's *Parsifal*, as we have been accustomed to take each number in an Oratorio by itself, without reference, excepting in the words, to that which preceded and followed it. Each number became a sketch separable from the others.

In Elgar's work, on the other hand, these *motiven* bind the whole structure into one. The subjects and the people introduced are at all points recognisable by their badge of individuality.

Many of the principal "badges" appear in this Prologue.¹

This method undoubtedly leads to cohesion and to a broader and more perfect evolution, for instead of separation into detachable numbers, we have whole scenes, dependent upon one another.

Scene I. is upon a mountain at night. By means of our *guides* just described we realise (without words) that our Saviour is there, and in prayer.

I may be permitted to justify my statement concerning the novelty of the harmonies by quoting the three chords, the I.H.S., which always typify the Son of Man who suffered for us, even unto death



upon the Cross, chords made even more acute in Scene III. when our Saviour, absolving Mary Magdalene, says, "Go in peace," a pause occurring on the first and second chords!

¹ An elaborate list of about sixty *leitmotiven* is given in a rather fulsome analysis of the work by one of Dr. Elgar's admirers.

While Jesus is on the mountain, the Angels proclaim the Christ, "My Beloved, in whom I am well pleased"—night changes to dawn, and in the background sounds the Shofar, the Temple watchers announce the daybreak, and there follows the daily worship and activity of the service in the sacred building, in which Psalms of David are sung to a fine old Hebrew melody. But Christ, who is our Dayspring from on High, arises and calls together the Twelve Apostles.

Scene II., "By the wayside" is, perhaps, the most touching of all. Very wonderfully was it rendered at its first hearing.² The picture represents Jesus uttering the Beatitudes, to each of which the Apostles and the Holy Women in their individual ways add answers and comments. A really tender, affecting scene.

Scene III. brings us down to the Sea of Galilee. Christ constrains His Disciples to sail before Him across the Lake, whilst He goes to a mountain for solitary prayer. Another unusual theme represents the loneliness of the Saviour; startling and yet how expressive! From the tower of



Magdala the fallen Mary of that city watches. A bitter remembrance rises in a fantastic vision before her, recalling her dissolute companions of the past, while she wails in anguish and cries out for mercy and pity.

As she watches, a storm arises on the waters, and she sees the Apostles' danger, and One coming to their aid, walking upon the sea, and she notices Peter's rescue from the waves. The poor desolate one seeks His face, sure that He who stilleth the raging of the sea will calm her troubled breast and give her peace. The second part of the scene is laid farther north, and we find our Saviour and His followers at Caesarea Philippi, where, probably amongst the famous oak-groves, in answer to Jesus'

² On October 14, at Birmingham Town Hall, the historic building in which Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was first produced, conducted by the composer.

Dr. Elgar's Oratorio, *The Apostles*

question, "Whom think ye that I am?" Peter proclaims Him, is blessed, and has committed to him the power to loose and to bind.

An astounding musical climax, brought about within the limit of twelve bars, gives forth a command to proclaim this Gospel.

The power given to St. Peter is, as it were, explained just afterwards by our Saviour in His forgiveness of Mary's sins, for her faith's sake.

Part I. of this great Drama ends with a chorus, breathing strength and consolation to all the "prisoners of hope."

In Part II. the narrator foreshadows our Saviour's suffering and death. This is followed by Scene IV. in which Judas betrays the innocent blood.

One little piece of musical realism here seemed to spoil the picture for a moment, viz. the chinking of the silver pieces! and after two hearings, I cannot see the necessity for dragging it in.

Dr. Elgar's conception of the character of Judas gives us a pity for that misguided man. The betrayal is planned by Judas to force from our Saviour a declaration of earthly sovereignty, to free Israel from the Roman domination, and to gain his own ambition under a great King. Surely this was Archbishop Whately's idea of Judas.

The vile bargain with the Chief Priests having been made, the scene changes to Gethsemane, where the Saviour is seized and carried away to the palace of the High Priest, and here we witness Peter's denial of His Master, the scene concluding with a most touching description by a Female Chorus (in four parts) of his going out and weeping bitterly. Judas, realising the failure of his plans and seeing the mischief he had wrought, goes to the Temple and flings down the money. He is repudiated by his fellow-plotters. The service goes on relentlessly, and, by a happy coincidence, the passages sung in the worship reflect Judas's bitter thoughts and seem to taunt him, and when, at last, the street mobs shout "Crucify Him!" he rushes out and is driven to suicide.

Scene V. at Golgotha is very briefly touched, commencing at the point, "Eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani?" which is simply suggested by the music, and followed by the grief of the mother, "The sword hath pierced through mine own soul."

Scene VI. leads us to the Sepulchre. A clever piece of cohesion is effected here

by the watchers in the Temple, ignorant of the Light shining in the darkness, again proclaiming the dawn.

Then the Angels ask the Apostles, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here."



At this point occurs a passage in the accompaniment which it is difficult to accept seriously. The small notes are played by harps, and are so prominent as to appear more important than the fundamental notes, of which they pose as harmonics. A friend suggested to me that these heavenly beings should be called Upper Partials!

The latest scene, entitled "The Ascension," discovers the disappointed Apostles, who had partly shared Judas's dream of earthly power and the redemption of Israel, not from their sins but from the Roman tyranny, seated together, to whom the risen Lord appears, charging them with their grand mission, blessing them, and, in the act of benediction, ascending to His Father and their Father, amidst a scene of holy joy, the heavenly singers recording His work fulfilled and uniting their Alleluias with those of His messengers upon the earth below. A glorious ending to Part II.

We await with more than common interest the completion of this soul-stirring work.

The question has been asked in a daily paper, "Will Elgar's *Apostles* attain to popularity?" All really great works need time and education, thought and study, for their full appreciation. I am convinced that, if approached with the composer's own sincerity and research, the masses of our music-loving people will give a grateful sympathy and ready understanding in response to the God-given sympathy contained in this masterpiece, this musical sermon of sermons.

A Day on the Zogi là

THE Zogi là! All who have had the good fortune to visit that earthly paradise, Kashmir, have heard of the celebrated Zogi là pass, leading into Little Tibet, the highest inhabited part of the world. It is the lowest gap or depression in a great wall of mountain masses, ranging from 17,000 to 25,000 feet in height, through which men and beasts leaving the forest

and alpine pastures or "Margs" of Kashmir can enter the wild treeless regions of Ladakh and Baltistan.

It was six o'clock on an August morning when I broke camp at Baltal, a veritable rock-bound prison at the end of the Sind valley. Above, the blue sky was flecked



CROSSING AMARNATH RIVER

with a few light summer clouds, and the sun's rays were beginning to catch the points of the grey crags which towered overhead. I mounted my Kashmiri pony, whom I had christened "The Hero," on account of his intrepid feats when negotiating wildernesses of boulders, or nullahs resembling

dry water-courses, we had met with in other districts. Small and brown-coated, with a broken ear hanging dejectedly over one eye, in sure-footedness he was unequalled, and in this respect a contrast to a pony I once rode in Italy, whom his master described as having "Molto spirito ma poco forza,"¹ and who always fell down at every oppor-



VIEW LOOKING EASTWARD TOWARDS LITTLE TIBET

¹ Plenty of spirit but no strength.

A Day on the Zogi là

tunity. To-day the Hero had an extra weight to carry in the shape of "Jammu," my fox-terrier pup, who was of too young and tender an age to stand a whole day's march, and who rode on my saddle in front, managing to stick on in the same sort of way that Japanese babies have a knack of doing when clinging to their nurses'



THE CAMP, CROSSING SUMMIT OF PASS



AMARNATH

backs. On other occasions, when riding has been impossible, Jammu had been placed at the bottom of my "dandy,"¹ and carried in state by two coolies. In this position he would crane his head over the side, never losing sight of me if he could help it, on the march, and not daring to jump out, many hasty attempts to do so having proved quite futile, as he was only picked up again and popped back in his old quarters along

¹ A kind of carrying chair used in the hills.

with my kodak and sun-umbrella. Taking my breakfast coolie and the cook with me, I left my other men busily packing up the rest of the camp kit, and we started off up the stone-strewn ravine leading to the foot of the pass. It was a scene of wild desolation; blocks and boulders everywhere lying in jumbled confusion; but when the ascent begins, it is steepness, rather than the rugged



COOK-BOAT, ALSU WALAR LAKE

A Day on the Zogi là

nature of the ground that appals. Up and up the zigzag we slowly climbed, till we at last reached the summit, and found ourselves in the midst of an oasis of long grass, studded with mauve and cream-coloured columbines, dark-violet larkspurs, and forget-me-nots of tints passing from navy to sky-blue. As I looked down the precipitous hillside, to the hollow of Baltal where our tents had been pitched the night before, I could see the remainder of my caravan, creeping up the face of the gigantic acclivity we had first scaled—a tiny thread of men and animals—so they appeared on the vast Himalayan slope. A grand view! To the left soared a green-topped mountain, to the right stretched a forbidding gorge, like some great crack in the everlasting hills, displaying stupendous walls of black rock, while to the east, a country whose barren heights already wore a look of Tibet.

Jammu and I felt quite ready for our "burra"¹ breakfast on this glorious height, but I found that my Kashmiri headman, who never allowed me any choice in such matters, had selected a place as usual to suit his own taste and requirements, farther on. From the summit of the pass on the

¹ Main or big breakfast.



KASHMIRI COOLIES

Ladakh side there is a very gradual descent down the nullah, which in places is blocked with accumulations of deep snow. These we successfully crossed, sliding and slithering now and then on the wet surface of the snow, which had been rendered slushy in the hot morning sunshine, and finally emerged on another turfy oasis, where I perceived my breakfast coolie engaged in setting out my picnic fare on a suitable flat low stone.

We encountered here a number of Ladakhis, who were coming up the Zogi, with their strings of ponies and loaded Zhos and Yaks. These are quaint-looking cattle, resembling the diminutive Kerry breed,

very short in the leg, and with great bushy tails. The Yaks are uncommonly strong and shaggy, the hybrid Zhos less so.

The Ladakhis appeared a contented lot, squat and ugly withal, with a Mongolian cast of countenance; most of them wore a yellow mountain flower stuck jauntily behind one ear, which contrasted effectively with their black locks, which escaped from beneath their native caps. A party of these individuals had evidently thought the headman's choice of this spot for a breakfast halt a good one, and having established themselves in a circle, were



STOPPING FOR A REST—A ROUGH BIT OF GROUND

A Day on the Zogi là

eating hot porridge out of black earthenware bowls with curious-shaped Tibetan spoons, unlike the Kashmiri coolies, who bolt balls of cold rice all day long, whenever they get the chance.

With a half-day's march still before us, we could not linger long on this grassy ridge; Jammu and I therefore set out once more, with the Hero following, picking his steps sedately among the loose stones. Walking in the high alpine air on this sunny summer afternoon was very pleasant, and our progress was only interrupted now and then by the crossing of an impetuous river, foaming down its rocky bed. At such places we had to be careful when fording, and I usually allowed the Hero to find his own way across, without attempting to guide him; in other spots the river became clear and limpid, flowing quietly between flowery banks. The barren crags and fan-shaped scree of loose stones and detritus, which rose above the pass, were already touched with the delicate hues of late afternoon, when we descried a brown speck in the distance, coming towards us. The speck grew larger, and finally appeared to be a dust-brown figure running in a steady jog-trot, with a goat-skin bag on his back, stuffed with letters, and sealed with the Government seal. Streaming with per-



SERVANTS' "PALS"

"Pal" is the native tent of Kashmir, as distinguished from the "shikar" tent used by English travellers.

spiration, with a smile for us as he passed, and a little grunt—the only greeting he could manage—he did not slacken speed, and we watched him for some time, still trotting on, till at length a rock hid him from our sight.

"The post from Leh," explained my ghorawallah.¹

"The post from Leh," I echoed dreamily, thinking of the letters in the goat-skin, the sturdy little streaming figure, the P. and O. steamer on the high seas, and the English homes so far away, all somehow mixed up together.

My day on the Zogi là was over. The pass was behind us. My tent was pitched amidst a carpet of *edelweiss*, and at the tent-door, where Jammu and I were partaking of our tea with much satisfaction, I felt inclined to break into dithyrambs in praise of the summer wanderer's life in the desert. Wild and harsh as it is, there is always the charm of irresponsible freedom, the sense of the seductive harmony of all-embracing nature.

¹ Groom.

N. E. F.



YEMSA

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Strangers in Switzerland

A PHYSICIAN in Bern named Freuler, not overburdened with patients, has set himself the task of adding up the benefits which Switzerland receives from the influx of strangers during the tourist season. Dr. Freuler states that 380,000 strangers visit his country every year for pleasure, and of these he reckons that 100,000 visit the strictly alpine regions. The average duration of a Swiss holiday is put at seventeen days, which makes between seven and eight million days altogether. The financial side of the question is exhaustively treated by Dr. Freuler. It is estimated that the Swiss hotel-keepers draw a sum equal to ninety-two million francs per annum from their guests, 20 per cent. of which comes from local Swiss tourists. In addition to this the railway companies are benefited to the extent of eighteen million francs. Opposite this must be placed the expenses incurred by hotels and railways in keeping up their establishments and plant. This is stated by Dr. Freuler to be sixty million francs. Visitors to Switzerland last year used 1536 hotels and lodging-houses containing 104,800 beds. Of these 945 are open only during the season. These hotels, etc., employ on an average 22,000 persons, or about one person to every five beds. At the height of the season the number of persons employed is 35,000, with wages amounting to ten million francs. Dr. Freuler reckons the "tips" annually paid in Switzerland at four million francs. The hotel servants with few exceptions are Swiss born.—M. A. M.

The Late Fire at the Vatican

THE fire which on the night of November 2nd burst out in the Vatican, threatening the famous library, should have the effect of raising a cry of alarm throughout the world. The library is more ancient than the Apostolic Palace itself, it having been already mentioned as a valuable collection in the fifth century, from beginnings gathered together a century before. It cannot, in fact, be maintained that the Palace of the Popes, the art treasures which it contains, and especially the library, the most famous in existence, with its nearly 30,000 precious MSS.

and its 250,000 rare volumes, are the exclusive property of the Popes or even of Italy, all countries being interested in them, as an intellectual possession to which all peoples have contributed and over which all have certain rights. Is this great priceless possession, material and ideal at the same time, gathered in museums, galleries, and collections, which are the glory and pride of the world, preserved and protected as it should be? The fire, which was fortunately extinguished by those who are considered as the eternal enemies of the Church, has shown us plainly the material and moral incapacity of the Vatican to be the proper and trusted guardian of what the events which brought about the fall of the Temporal Power have put under its care.

Let us merely examine the condition in which the library is kept. At its head is a Cardinal, Archbishop Capececiattro, a learned man to be sure, but he lives in his diocese at Capua, so that his position is merely nominal; he never comes to Rome, and the whole management of the library is left to a few inferior men, both in position as well as intelligence. It is, perhaps, the only library in the world which has not a general catalogue and the least protection. Indeed close to the twenty-five rooms in which the library is housed, above its great hall, are apartments where Vatican employees live with their families, without fire-engines, or other modern appliances to extinguish fire, and having, in case of need, as was proved on the evening of November 2nd, only four men to rely upon. Can such a condition of things be allowed to go on? A movement has been started in Italy to secure that the Government shall take upon itself the custody of the treasures, as it is entitled to do by the Law of Guarantees. This sets aside every year £129,000 as an income for the Pope, which, however, he has never touched, for the keeping up of his position, including the care, preservation and repairs of the Vatican and its contents. Foreign countries should urge Italy in this direction.

S. C.

The Jews in the Catskill Mountains

It is well known that the Jews are numerous and influential in the United States. Perhaps

Over-Sea Notes

it is not so generally known that the Jews have in several parts of the United States what may be called their own vacation grounds. A good example is to be found in the Catskill Mountains, a region made famous by Washington Irving's legends of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow. The Catskills, though not so high as some other mountain ranges of the eastern United States, are noted for their beautiful scenery. They are located west of the Hudson River about 100 miles north of New York City.

At the time when Hudson discovered the river which now bears his name, American Indians roamed over these mountains, and they have left traces of their occupation in many Indian names of mountains, etc. The Dutch next inhabited the Catskills when New York City was settled by that people; they too have left their stamp in local names, and in their descendants who still farm the arable land. When the American people became settled and prosperous enough to take vacations in the hot summer months, they next turned their faces toward the Catskills. But within the last twenty years a new people—the Hebrews—have come in to the Catskills so extensively during the summer that this region may be fairly claimed as a Hebrew vacation ground. Almost all the largest hotels are patronised wholly by Jews, and owing to the feeling between Gentiles and Hebrews, every boarding-house-keeper must decide at the outset whether he will admit Jews or not, for if they are once admitted the Gentiles invariably leave.

A. B. R.

Betting in Australia

SOMETHING like a sensation has been caused by the announcement of a well-informed witness, at a Sydney betting commission, that the sum of £4,000,000 passed annually through the hands of bookmakers, tote-proprietors, and the like, in the city of Sydney alone. As the witness himself handled a very large proportion of this money, and as he was in the best of positions to judge, his statement has been accepted; and now every one wants to know what is to be done. The prevalence of betting in Australia is something alarming, although probably it is no worse than it is with you in England. Here, however, the people are, in the main, so prosperous that they have more money to gamble with. A strange feature of the business is the open way in which it is conducted. Australia has stringent laws against sweeps,

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and yet in Tasmania—only a few hours' journey from the mainland—the hugest sweeps in the world are conducted. There, actually under patronage of the Tasmanian Government, George Adams runs sweeps on all the big races of the mainland, and at the time of writing the advertisements of his sweeps on the Melbourne Cup are in all the papers. Three sweeps of 100,000 members, at 10s. and 5s. each, are announced for the Cup, but other races are catered for all the year round. The Commonwealth Government refuses to carry his letters, but an extensive system of private agencies has sprung up, and money for his sweeps is paid in to all the Australian banks. Then, in the heart of Melbourne, there exists a huge totalisator business, known everywhere as "Wren's tote," which does business all the year round, and brings the owner in an annual profit of £20,000. This is in flat defiance of the law, but so securely barricaded and protected is the tote-building that hitherto the police have been unable to crush it. It is fenced with barbed wire, broken bottles, sliding doors, hidden exits, etc., and the employees wear masks, so that, whenever a raid is made, nothing comes of it. But, on a big race-day, hundreds of people pour in and out, and the business flourishes. Truly the suppression of betting is one of the toughest jobs the English-speaking peoples have to face.—F. S. S.

A Windy Wooden Capital

THE city of Wellington, situated on the south of the North Island of New Zealand, has two striking features that are always noticed by the visitor. All of its buildings are of wood; even the Parliament House being so constructed. New Zealanders boast that their Parliament House is, in fact, the largest wooden building in the world. The cause of this is neither poverty nor a scarcity of stone or brick; but is summed up in the one word—earthquakes. Wellington, which is the capital, is so constantly visited by earthquakes and tremors that the folly of building solid structures soon became apparent. Wooden houses, of course, stand far more shaking than do stone or brick structures. Then for windiness Wellington stands pre-eminent in the southern hemisphere. There is always a gale of some sort blowing, and very often the wind reaches hurricane force. It is probable that the position of the town, which is situated on a fine port, near where the well-known Cook Strait separates the two islands, has a lot to do with this circumstance. It is a tradition in the other New Zealand towns that

a Wellingtonian can always be identified, the world over, by the way in which he clutches at his hat when about to turn a street corner. This habit is bred in the bone of the Wellington people, and remains with them to the last. But all New Zealanders are proud of their wooden capital, and especially of their wooden Houses of Parliament, where, as they remark to visitors, New Zealand has led the way in advanced legislation of various kinds. Women Suffrage, State Life Assurance, the Compulsory Purchase of Large Estates, Compulsory Arbitration (in Labour disputes), to mention only a few, are some of the important pieces of legislation which Richard Seddon, "Digger Dick," "Kumara Dick," the "Dick-tator," has, during his ten years of power, carried through.—F. S. S.

New Zealand Hot Springs Tragedy

EVERY visitor to New Zealand visits the famous hot springs, geysers, and smoking mountains that are at one and the same time the wonder, pride, and terror of the North Island. A few years ago the famous pink-and-white terraces, which were the chief glory of the district, and which formed one of the most beautiful natural objects in the world, were completely destroyed by a huge volcanic outburst, which quite changed the face of the hot lakes country. This outburst was the cause of the death of several residents; and ever since then great care has been taken. At present one of the favourite tourist resorts is a small, boiling lake, which at irregular intervals shoots a torrent of water, mud, and stones to the height, occasionally, of 700 or 800 feet. It is the ambition of every visitor to witness one of these awesome outbursts; and, so daring—or rather foolhardy—are some of the tourists that danger-boards and other means are used to keep them at a safe distance. Even these warnings fail occasionally to prevent such a tragedy as that which happened a few days ago, when a party of three, including two young ladies, and a guide, were killed. The geyser had already shot up a small column of water, and most of the party retired to safety, but a girl with a camera was anxious to get a photo, and waited just a little bit too long; for the boiling lake shot up a tremendous discharge, and swept the whole of the venturesome four into its boiling torrent. As showing the utter recklessness of some people, it may be added that a short time previously two men crossed the boiling lake in a small boat. As the lake gives absolutely no notice of its outbursts, their

utter stupidity is quite incomprehensible. New Zealand is, all over, the scene of constant volcanic activity, and earthquakes are so common as to cause little commotion. Parts of the islands are sinking rapidly, and other parts rising.—F. S. S.

In Search of a Capital

THERE is much trouble in Australia concerning the selection of a site for the Federal capital. Originally some twenty sites—all, according to the constitution, in the State of New South Wales—were inspected; and these, after being visited by members of both Houses of the Federal Parliament, were referred to an outside expert committee. This committee classified the sites, giving each marks for various points, such as climate, water-supply, accessibility, and so on. The result of this report was to place Tumut, a small town half-way between Sydney and Melbourne; Albury, on the Victoria, New South Wales border; and Bombala, a pretty mountain town near the south-east coast, in the lead. Then Parliament began to make a final choice. After a lot of finessing, the House of Representatives chose Tumut, but a tangle was created by the Senate selecting Bombala. At the time of writing it looks as if the whole question will be held over for the next Parliament—which is to be elected in December—but either place will make a good Federal capital. I notice that the English papers are all astray as to the pronunciation of our names. Tumut does not, as Mr. Labouchere thinks, rhyme with "summit." It is pronounced Too-mat, with the accent on the first syllable. Bombala is pronounced Bom-bah-la, with the accent on the middle syllable. But, as a matter of fact, if Tumut be the final choice, it will be given a new name. There will be a great fight over this name, and already suggestions have been showered on the heads of members of Parliament. Amongst others, Chamberlain, Alexandra, Barton, Wentworth, and Flinders have been suggested. Wentworth was one of the most famous of our early governors, and Flinders was the most famous of our early navigators—Cook excepted (for obvious reasons his name hasn't been suggested). But both Flinders and Wentworth are already important geographical terms out here, and Wentworth is the name of an important New South Wales town on the Murray. It is pretty certain that the new name—if Tumut be chosen—will be of Australian interest, and that is about all that is certain in the whole matter.—F. S. S.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Rainfall, Sun-spots and Magnetic Storms

IN the month of October last a large group of spots came into view on the surface of the sun, and when it was carried past the centre of the disc at the end of the month, in consequence of the rotation of our great luminous globe, telegraphic communication was made impossible over lines in many parts of the world, brilliant auroras were seen, and the delicate compasses at magnetic observatories trembled violently. Though by no means unique, the phenomena gave such decided evidence of sympathy between solar and terrestrial affairs, that it seemed reasonable to hold sun-spots responsible for the exceptionally bad weather experienced last year. Even if this could be proved to be the case, little satisfaction could be obtained from the knowledge, for the discovery of the cause of a superabundance of wet days does not carry with it a means of reformation. We have to accept the weather which reaches us whether we like it or not, unless we can migrate to more sunny climates; and if sun-spots are responsible for the weather, well, there is nothing more to be said, for we can do nothing to alter them.

The influence of locality must be borne in mind in considering any relationship between solar action and terrestrial weather. Even in the British Isles the average amount of rain which falls in a year differs very greatly in different parts of the country. The wettest place is Seathwaite, in Cumberland, where the average rainfall is 130 inches, and then in order comes Killarney with 57 inches; Ashburton, Devonshire, 51 inches; Falmouth, 42 inches; and Londonderry, 40 inches. The lowest average is about 23 inches; and among the places which receive this amount in a year are Margate and Lowestoft on the east coast of England, and Apsley Guise and Hodsock in the Midlands. The average rainfall of the whole of England and Wales is about 34 inches per annum, and as an inch of rain represents about 100 tons of water to the acre, it may be said that the rain which falls upon England and Wales in a year would supply each acre with about 3400 tons of water. The variations in the amount of rainfall in different parts of our country are, however, very small in comparison with those found in other parts of the world. Thus, at the wettest place in the world, Cherrapunji, situated on the Khasi Hills, two hundred miles north of the Bay of Bengal, the average rainfall is nearly 500 inches, and as much rain will fall in a day as is received at most places in the British Isles in a year. It is well to remember this when the rainfall at home last year is being passed in review.

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The rainfall statistics for the whole of the British Isles in 1903 are not yet available, but there is little doubt they will show an excess over those of any previous year. The wettest year of the nineteenth century, so far as the whole country is concerned, was 1872, when the rainfall for the country was 49 inches; and the next wettest was 1852; but the rainfall of last year must have exceeded both these records. London, with an average rainfall of 25 inches, received nearly 40 inches, and most parts of our islands have similar excesses to report.

Observations not only supply precise evidence of variations of rainfall, but also of a cycle of wet and dry seasons. Dry periods, common to all parts of the world, occurred in the years 1856-1870 and 1886-1902; and wet periods in 1841-1855 and 1871-1885. The interval between two successive dry periods and two successive wet periods is on the average about thirty-five years, so that according to this cycle of weather we are only just beginning a succession of wet seasons.

A cycle of about the same duration is exhibited by certain solar phenomena. Dark spots frequently appear on the surface of the sun, some so small as only to be visible through a good telescope, and others so large that they can be discerned with the unaided eye. These spots are but transient blemishes on the sun's luminous surface, being analogous to storms in the earth's atmosphere, and they are carried around by the sun's rotation on its axis, the complete spin taking a little less than a month, so that if a spot lasts a month it is visible for about half that time on the hemisphere of the sun turned towards us. Records of the spots on the sun have been kept for many years, and they show in an unmistakable manner that the amount of spottedness varies from year to year. In some years sun-spots are "few and far between," while in others scarcely a week passes without one or more spots being visible. It has been established beyond any doubt that there is a periodic increase and decrease in the proportion of spotted surface of the sun year by year, the complete cycle having a duration of a little more than eleven years. At the end of last century few sun-spots were seen, but since then they have been increasing, and they are likely to go on increasing for a year or so. There will then be a gradual decline until about the year 1911, when a comparatively calm epoch will again be reached.

Solar activity thus waxes and wanes in a period of about eleven years, but no two of those periods are exactly alike. If, however, three successive periods are taken, representing a cycle of about thirty-three years, a repetition

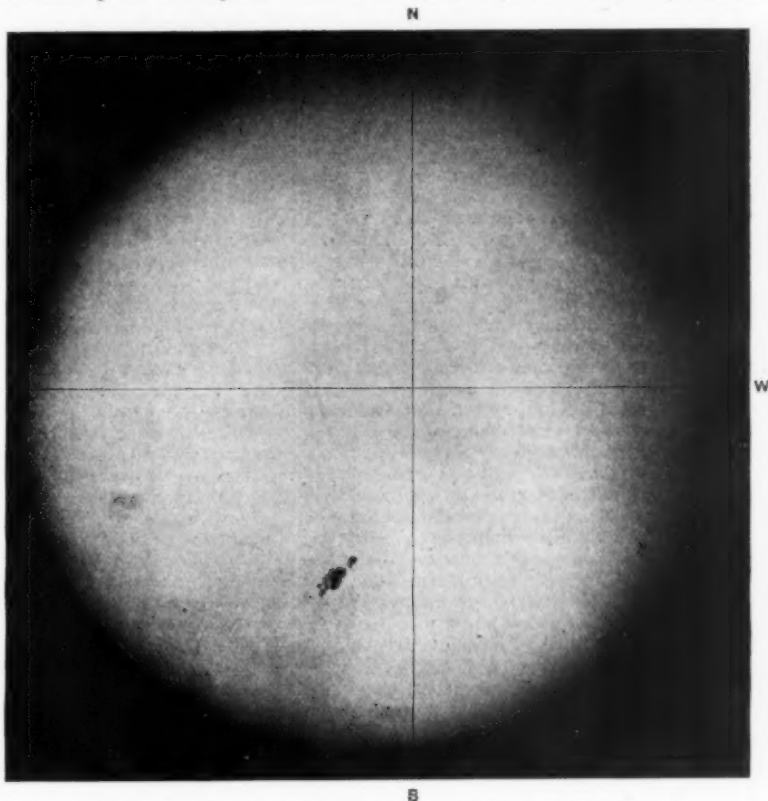
of characteristics can be distinguished, that is to say, in any year the sun is roughly in the same condition as it was thirty-three years before, or the sun is now in about the same condition as it was in the early seventies of last century. As has been remarked already, the year 1872 was a very wet year, and we know that last year, that is, thirty-one years later, deserved the same reputation. We are thus provided with a definite bond of relationship between solar and terrestrial cycles; both the sun and the earth giving evidence of the existence of a cycle of change having a duration of thirty-five years, more or less.

As the sun's storms and the earth's rains seem to suggest some sympathetic connexion between the two bodies, it is not remarkable that a large group of sun-spots should be held responsible for bad weather. By the kindness of Mr. W. H. M. Christie, the Astronomer Royal, a photograph of the large cluster of spots which was brought into view on the sun in the middle of October last is here reproduced. The weather was no worse when this group was visible than it was in other parts of the year, yet some of the daily papers seemed to find consolation in the belief that the cause of the wet of 1903 had at last been found. There is really no evidence of our weather being influenced by the appearance of individual sun-spots; and if any connexion could be traced we should expect the meteorological conditions to be affected over the whole world and not only over our own islands.

The connexion between solar activity and terrestrial magnetism is much more definite than between it and meteorological phenomena. At the Greenwich and Kew Observatories, and elsewhere, sensitive magnets have their positions auto-

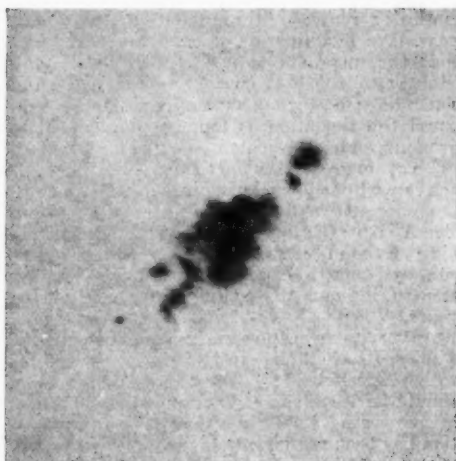
matically recorded throughout the day and year. An examination of these records shows that the magnets are continually swinging slightly to the east or west of the north and south line; and when successive years are compared the deviation is found to become more pronounced as sun-spots become more frequent, to be at its greatest when the sun is in the most active part of the cycle, and then to diminish as the sun settles down to a calmer condition. There is perfect sympathy between the throbbing of the magnets and the spottedness of the sun, and the two effects keep in unison step by step throughout the complete cycle of eleven years.

As variations of the earth's magnetism and the sun's spots are thus so intimately connected, it is to be expected that violent changes on the sun should be accompanied by decided disturbances of compass needles. In a few cases the expectation has been realised, the large group of spots of October last being one of the most noteworthy of these instances. When the group was passing across the central meridian of the sun at the end of October, magnetic needles experienced



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN OBTAINED AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, ON OCT. 26, 1903

Reproduced by kind permission of the Astronomer Royal.



ENLARGEMENT OF A GROUP OF SUN-SPOTS

From a photograph taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on Oct. 26, 1903. Reproduced by kind permission of the Astronomer Royal.

exceptionally strong movements, the range of the swing of compasses from one side to the other of a north and south direction being nearly three degrees.

These irregular disturbances of terrestrial magnetism are termed "magnetic storms," so that apparently the sun was "caught in the act" of causing commotion last October. A similar case occurred eleven years earlier, in 1892, and a few others have been recorded. But many large sun-spots have appeared without causing the magnets to flutter, while on the other hand violent magnetic storms have been recorded when only a few spots have been visible on the side of the sun facing the earth. It cannot therefore be said that sun-spots cause magnetic storms merely because a great group of spots happens to be visible when the needles are disturbed. Great commotions can and do occur upon the sun without giving rise to any dark spots, and if we had an intimate knowledge of these occurrences we should probably find that they are more closely related to the disturbance of our magnets than the visible sun-spots. By a fortunate coincidence, Professors Callendar and Fowler observed a violent storm on the sun at the end of October, when the magnetic storm on the earth and this outburst was probably more closely connected with the disturbances of our magnets than the group of dark spots.

Auroral displays seem to be connected with the sun in much the same way as magnetic

disturbances. The number of auroras seen from year to year varies with the frequency and extent of sun-spots, being greatest when the sun is most active and least when it is in the calm part of its eleven-year cycle. Moreover, brilliant auroras are usually seen when magnetic storms occur, as was the case in October last. This connexion is to be expected if it is remembered that auroras are due to discharges of electricity in the upper regions of the earth's atmosphere. Whatever influence disturbs the earth's electrical condition must also affect its magnetic state, and auroras give us evidence of the former, while the shivering of magnets enables the latter to be detected.

With the auroras and magnetic storms of October there were remarkable disturbances of telegraph wires and cables all over the world. This was only a natural consequence of the disturbance of the earth's electrical and magnetic condition.

During the prevalence of brilliant auroras the telegraph lines generally become unmanageable. The electrical action which produces the aurora develops electric currents in the wires, and hence causes a motion of the telegraph instruments similar to that which is employed in telegraphing. This movement, being frequent and irregular, renders it impossible to transmit intelligible signals while it occurs. During severe thunder-storms the electricity of the atmosphere affects the wires in a similar manner, and often renders communication by telegraph quite impracticable. The only difference between the two effects is that during a thunder-storm there is a sudden and strong disturbance when a lightning discharge occurs, but during auroras a steady flow of electricity occurs which may last half-an-hour, and even be employed as a substitute for the voltaic battery in transmitting telegraph messages.

Though commotions on the sun may be associated with auroras and magnetic storms, and though sun-spots, magnetic tremors, and auroras keep time in the same cycle of eleven years, rising and falling together in almost perfect unison, we are not justified in stating that the sun-spots cause the electrical and magnetic disturbances on the earth, any more than we are in concluding that the tremors of our magnets cause sun-spots to appear. Possibly both the sun and the earth are under some outside influence and respond to its action in different ways, but here we enter the region of speculation, and we can only say that if the sun is not actually the cause of variations of the earth's electricity and magnetism, nothing is as yet known of the nature of the influence responsible for them.



Varieties

His Early Training

"A TWO-CENT stamp, please," said the lady at the stamp window of the post-office. "Yes, madam," replied the new clerk, who had just graduated from a department store; "will you take it with you or have it sent?"—*Chicago News*.

Free Trade and Protection

"FISCUS" writes to us in reply to G. P.'s query on Free Trade and Protection in our November number:—"The point G. P. misses is one that our Free Trade politicians mostly miss in their arguments. It is simply the fact that even if, as in the problem suggested, the consumer pays the duty, that by no means implies that the country has paid any more. The country has not paid anything but *what goes to the other country concerned*. Thus, in our problem:—Under Free Trade England makes goods and delivers in America at a cost of £100. She sells the goods to America for £110, making £10 clear profit, *which is paid by America*. Under the tariff she makes goods and delivers at same cost, but before she is allowed to sell them she *pays to America* £50 in duties, and collects it again through the consumer together with the £100 cost and only £1 profit, so that all that America has actually paid to England is £101, leaving her £9 the richer and England £9 poorer."

Commander Peary and the North Pole

COMMANDER PEARY'S thrilling story, told before the Royal Geographical Society last November, will never be forgotten by those who heard it. For four and a half years, as Sir Clements Markham said, he had been pegging away at the terrible ice. In his first winter, 1898-1899, he had to have eight of his toes amputated after frost-bite. The photograph of the scene at the erection of the cairn erected by him on the most northerly point of Greenland, first discovered by him, was most striking. There were representatives of three races—Peary himself the Caucasian, his faithful negro servant the African, and the Eskimo the Mongolian. Then the United States flag, worked by an American woman's hand, was attached to an oar belonging to the British ship *Windward*.

He is quite confident of being able to reach the Pole. Making Grant Land his base, he says that the distance from its northern shore to the Pole is less than the average air line of his four journeys already made. He proposes to start next July, and to have his ship on the northern shore of Grant Land by September 1. He would winter there, and then start with the first of returning daylight in February 1905, to cross the Polar ice-pack to the Pole and back again.

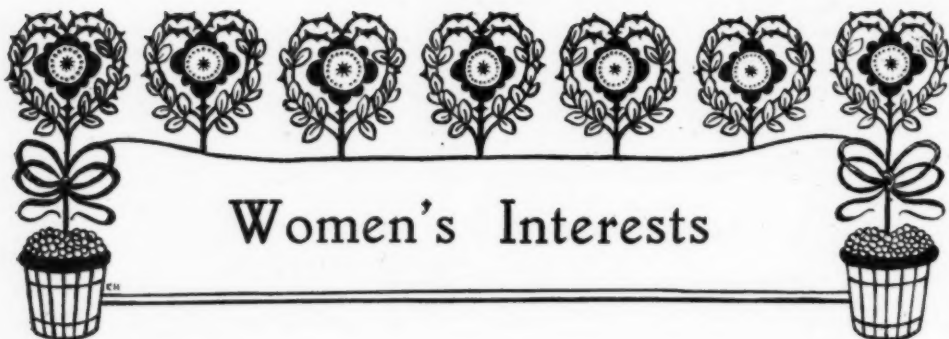
Astronomical Notes for January

WITH this month we again begin a new year.

It is the first leap year for eight years, or since 1896, and there will be no other break in their regular succession for two hundred years. By the old Julian reckoning of the calendar every year subsequent to the Christian year which was divisible by 4 without remainder was considered a leap year and had 29, instead of 28, days in February. But as this assumed that the year contained $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, whereas it really falls short of that amount by about eleven minutes, Pope Gregory XIII. in the year 1582 decreed that at the end of three centuries out of four a leap year should be dropped; if the year is divisible by 100 without remainder, it is *not* a leap year unless it is also divisible by 400. This rule was adopted in England in 1752, a sufficient number of days being omitted to make the dates correspond with the Gregorian usage on the Continent. The years 1800 and 1900 therefore were not leap years, but 2000 will be, so that there will not again be an exception to each fourth year being a leap year until A.D. 2100.

And now for our notes on January 1904. The Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 8h. 8m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 58m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 8h. 5m., and sets at 4h. 10m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 57m., and sets at 4h. 26m. He will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd. The Moon will be Full at 5h. 47m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 3rd; in her Last Quarter at 9h. 10m. on the evening of the 9th; New at 3h. 47m. on the afternoon of the 17th; and in her First Quarter at 8h. 41m. on the evening of the 25th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, half-an-hour after noon on the 4th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, at an hour before midnight on the 19th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the morning of the 1st, and will be visible in the evening during the first week of the month, situated in the constellation Capricornus; but he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 17th, and become visible in the morning towards the end of the month in the constellation Sagittarius. Venus is a morning star, moving during the month from the constellation Scorpio into Sagittarius; she will pass due north of the red star Antares on the 11th, and very near Mu Sagittarii (a star of the fourth magnitude) on the 31st. Mars is in Capricornus, and is not conspicuous, setting about two hours after sunset. Jupiter is in Pisces, passing from due south of the star Kappa in that constellation to very near Iota, which is of nearly the fourth magnitude; by the end of the month he sets a little before 9 o'clock in the evening. Saturn is in Aquarius, and will cease this month to be visible, being in conjunction with the Sun early in February.

W. T. LYNN.



Women's Interests

Unorthodox Characters in Popular Fiction

"A book is either worth nothing or it is worth much." As this is a quotation from a high authority, it is unnecessary to defend its premises. The value of a book, like the beauty of an individual, is in great measure a matter of the eye of the beholder. That is good which helps our advance, that is beautiful which gives us joy. The books which we remember and discuss with ourselves or others long after they have been perused and laid aside, are those which have been strong enough and true enough throughout, or here and there, to add something to the population of the reader's mental world.

The intellectual young Russian peasant who writes under the name of Maxim Gorky, in one of his short stories challenges himself, denounces his own art as he practises it, and says, "When will you stop depicting the shells and simulacra of things? when will you treat of what matters? when will you speak of the fretting soul and of the necessity of regenerating the spirit?"

As a rule that is left to theologians, the writer of fiction seldom touches on mental problems. But a few have done so, and in thinking over the very limited list of the works of these, one thing strikes the reader as curious. In four outstanding works of fiction which deal with problems older than the days of Job, problems which at some time have pressed on every human being who is higher in the scale of life than the ox in the stall, the writer in each case crushes the unhappy character who ventures to diverge from general opinion under overwhelming disaster, even where obviously the writer's sympathies are with the burdened seeker after truth.

Robert Elsmere dies after becoming a Unitarian, having been a Trinitarian; John Ward, not unorthodox himself, but only the possessor of an unorthodox wife, dies too, if I remember aright; the heroine in *The Story of an African Farm* goes to the bad and dies; Waldo, who had shared all her childish doubts and aspirations, dies too in desolation; and most striking of all curious forms of development, Markham Sutherland, in *The Nemesis of Faith*, not only dies, but dies under such circumstances, though he had broken no law human or divine as far as the reader can see, that his historian says, "No living being was left behind him upon earth who would not mourn over the day which brought life to Markham Sutherland."

Beyond doubt the unorthodox in matters of creed suffered crushings and killings twenty or more years ago, from which happily the person who to-day wants to feel for himself the stepping-stones to which he is about to entrust his safety is exempt. There were martyrs a quarter of a century ago, though they did not suffer at the stake; it is not to the death of the sceptic—who in the cases under consideration was always profoundly and anxiously sincere—that exception must be taken, it is the condition of mental, physical, and moral weakness into which writers so able as James Anthony Froude and Olive Schreiner permit their characters to fall, because apparently they cannot assent to certain details in century-old creeds, which they regard as untrue to life and experience. People do not go to the bad or die young because they have been obliged to say, "I cannot endorse all my fathers held in matters of faith," or have cried with Zophar, "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

Between *The Nemesis of Faith* and *The Story of an African Farm* there is a curious resemblance, though unquestionably the second was written without knowledge on its author's part of the first. The introductory half of each book is obviously autobiographical, each writer depicts what has certainly been an agonising personal experience, the quest of an audible word to break the eternity of silence between the seen and the unseen. Silence had been all that was vouchsafed until the record was made. Then arose the necessity to invent

a termination to a history as yet but half lived; starting from the same mental standpoint, both writers traversed the same ground and arrived at an exactly similar conclusion. Both Lyndall and Markham succumb to a foolish and unnecessary affection which never for a moment convinces the reader, and both die ultimately as the easiest way out of an impossible position.

Experience can only be handled as fiction when it is so remote as to have become impersonal. One may paint a wound that still bleeds, but it must be left in the raw state, it cannot be attached to a robust creature that moves and progresses, unconscious of it. The inoculated are proof against certain dangers. In reality the prototypes of Markham and of Lyndall neither wrecked themselves against the obstacles to the connubial life nor died young.

Probably every soul that lives remembers its conflict with the great darkness, remembers when it cried, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" and no answer came from the dark heavens; but such have made their sacrament of pain, and their subsequent hunger is not for flesh-pots or Dead Sea apples. Most of us know some who sought truth and found it by a way no man had indicated, and we recognise them by the scars of the wounds that have had time to heal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL

Madre.—You had better advertise in a French paper. The charge is a franc and a half per line, and the letters will be taken in for you at the office of the paper. Then you had better go over and see the various establishments from which replies come. There are many nice French families in which a boy would be both happy and safe, and have excellent opportunities of learning French, but one cannot decide on these points by correspondence. If you cannot go or cannot speak French, perhaps you know some one in Paris who would investigate for you. The charges in a middle-class family are from 120 francs per month per boarder, that is the lowest, and you will find many who will ask 300. A great deal depends on the bedroom, indeed in the same house there may be a difference of 70 or 80 francs, owing altogether to the difference in the size and outlook of the sleeping-room. You can place a boy or youth very comfortably for £6 per month, with an extra charge probably for lessons. The terms for these vary according to the financial ideas of the teacher. I have been asked to give six francs, five francs, and a franc and a half per hour for exactly the same amount and quality of instruction. If you cannot hear of a suitable teacher you have only to advertise again, you will have scores of replies from students of the Sorbonne and others. Here again personal investigation will be necessary. To become a student of the Sorbonne or University of Paris your son would require to have passed a public examination at home, and to have a certificate from some examining body. Without this he could not be enrolled, although he would be at liberty to attend the classes. There are no fees except the registration fee. If you cannot go to Paris and cannot advertise, you might hear of a suitable family through *The Queen* newspaper, which keeps a Travel Editor to answer questions and give information regarding places of sojourn or of education in foreign lands. Again, through *The Review of Reviews* you might be able to effect an exchange of boys for a longer or shorter period, taking a French boy into your house and sending your boy to his parents, in which case there would be little direct cost to either household beyond the travelling expenses.

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[Facing Matter.]

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN ?

To the Rich Joy and Happiness. To the Poor — !!

I am sure the readers of 'The Leisure Hour' will again kindly help the Committee of the

FIELD LANE REFUGES AND RAGGED SCHOOLS

to make the Poor Children Happy and to brighten the Homes of the Poorest of the poor.

YOU ARE HEARTILY THANKED FOR THE KIND HELP YOU GAVE LAST YEAR.

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827 New Year's Dinners to Poor Children.

1,030 Christmas Parcels to the Poor at their homes

They also helped the poor of the neighbourhood, with Bread, Coals, &c., all through the Year.

19,185 Breakfasts were given to Homeless Men and Women who attended the Ragged Church Service.

In the Refuges 733 Men and Women were sheltered, and 280 were helped back to employment.

In the Creche 5,911 dear little Babies were taken care of.



THEY WILL DO THIS AGAIN IF YOU WILL HELP THEM.

Bankers—

BARCLAY & Co., Ltd.,
54 Lombard Street,
E.C.

**THE COMMITTEE HAVE AN OVERDRAFT AT
THEIR BANKERS OF £3,000, WHICH THEY
ARE MOST ANXIOUS TO CLEAR OFF.**

Treasurer—

W. A. BEVAN, Esq.,
54 Lombard Street,
E.C.

Secretary—PEREGRINE PLATT, The Institution, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD ON "TURF AND TABLE."

WORKS of fiction are great instructors, although it is sometimes wearisome to read a story too obviously written to instruct or to persuade.

This story, "Turf and Table," does not offend in that way, and yet it conveys indirectly some valuable warnings and lessons.

Some readers will be led by it to appreciate more keenly the insidious nature of the manifold temptations which a careless society allows still to beset the young and the weak, and to lead so many of them on the road to ruin.

And this keener appreciation will, it is to be hoped, set them thinking whether they themselves

have quite realised their social duty in such matters.

It is curious to note how slowly those who call themselves Christians learn even the rudimentary lessons of social responsibility.

This book will have done a good service if it stirs any reader to obey that call of God sent to us long ago through one of the greatest of His prophets—"Take up the stumbling block out of the way of My people."—*Prefatory Note to "Turf and Table," a new story of Betting and Gambling, by Henry Johnson. Just published by the Religious Tract Society, London, 2s. 6d.*

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2/6.

ROME IN MANY LANDS.

A SURVEY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME MODERN ROMAN DEVELOPMENTS. Compiled and Edited by Rev. Charles S. Isaacson, M.A., Editor of "Roads from Rome."

The Times says: "It undertakes to give an account of Rome's distortions of Christian doctrine due to hallucinations or over-subtlety."

The Echo says: "It shows that throughout the whole Roman Church there is a reform movement."

The British Weekly says: "This book is rich in facts, and is written from the standpoint of an impartial inquirer."

The Record says: "No more startling revelations of the present-day position of Rome in many lands has yet appeared."

PUBLISHED BY THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, LONDON.

[Facing Matter

EMPLOYMENTS.

Plain Betty.—Unless you have had home experience in rearing poultry for the market it would be quite useless to begin in an extensive way without serving an apprenticeship on a fowl farm. But there are many of these on which you would be taken, I feel sure, for a very moderate fee. I should think it would require at least a year to give you practical education in the requirements of fowls during the different seasons. The cost of incubators is easily learned. I will inquire for you if you wish. They may often be obtained second-hand, from which the conclusion may be drawn that the first purchasers did not find them a remunerative investment. I have been told by practical people that each English fowl brought to the table has cost its producer 3s., and unless more than that can be obtained for it, it is being sold at a loss. It is hotels that are the best customers for birds at this price; poultry farmers in the neighbourhood of a fashionable watering-place often do very well, while a large hydro proves an excellent customer.

Wearly One.—It would be necessary to watch the morning papers for advertisements for occasional cooks which sometimes appear, and also to advertise. Cooks by the day are usually sent out by the various cookery schools, which find engagements for their pupils. Advertisements in domestic papers would serve you. Once you had established a connexion in a social neighbourhood, you would probably have as many engagements as you could meet. In the first instance you might apply at hotels or restaurants for temporary work. There you would not have to cater, merely to cook, and some portion of the strain would be taken off. A good temporary cook who would ask less than the usual guinea for her services for an evening would be sure to get on well, provided she is in every way trustworthy. You might write to the Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton Street, Holborn, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, and ask if they have such work available as you require.

Artist.—You should submit specimens of your drawings in pen and ink to the several editors of publications that issue black and white pictures. If your work strikes them as very good, you may get some commissions to supply illustrations. The smaller women's papers, those at 1d., have an extensive demand for small sketches to decorate the margins of pages. These offer the readiest opening. I cannot say what the remuneration would be in these cases, but I should think not much. For high prices you would have to submit better work to the illustrated large weeklies. Unluckily for artists, photographs are now extensively used for purposes of reproduction. Your coloured pictures you might submit to the Christmas card firms, such as Raphael Tuck's. By the bye, some of these firms offer prizes for competition to the best artists in that particular genre. I hardly think Christmas card designing is what it was some years ago; the "private" card, which has no artistry about it, spoiled in some measure the market for the higher-priced picture card, and now illustrated post-cards are also used to bear the Christmas message. I believe the selection of designs begins soon after the New Year, and most cards for the following Christmas are printed about midsummer.

LITERARY.

Bridge of Don.—As there is no signature to your letter I hope you will recognise the answer by the name of your post town. Your sketch is sympathetic and nicely written, and would, I think, be likely to find a publisher among magazine editors. But you have not put an end to your narrative, and the reader is left in doubt whether or not the old woman earned her reward, or if the farmer afforded her a second experience in rogues. There are no rules regarding MSS. submitted to this section of *The Leisure Hour*, except one—that they shall be reasonably short. It is, however, assumed that people writing to the literary department are among our regular subscribers. It is frank of you to state that you got the address of a number at the railway bookstall, but such informal introductions have been known ere this to result in prolonged intimacies. *The Leisure Hour* circulates extensively on the Continent. I recently saw it and *The Girls' Own Paper* at several bookstalls in Paris, and in Rome on the occasion of an earlier visit.

Marna.—Your story is such rubbish that it is not possible even to point out its defects. It is all defects.

E. O. C.—You have probably written fiction and submitted it to me as fact, to see if it will impress me with its life-likeness. If you have told me facts I beg your pardon; it will be easier for both of us, and more natural, if I treat them as fiction. The writing has an emotional quality that is rather noteworthy, an

effect which is increased by the narration being made in the first person. But your heroine commits an abominable action in marrying a man that his money may relieve the pecuniary necessities of her family. A generation ago cheap fiction taught the opposite: it was considered praiseworthy to accept a man's heart because he could pay for Johnnie's education and clear off that debt that pressed so heavily on poor mamma, and the brave creature that married with this filial and fraternal intention could thenceforward set a tragic part until death enabled her to marry some one younger and handsomer. But since imprisonment for debt has been abolished the urgency of such barter is over; poor mamma would not now be sent to jail, no matter how much she owed, and the heroic daughter's sacrifice ceases to be urgent. To marry a man for the purpose of annexing his possessions is to deprive him of the possibility of being married for love; she who does it is a thief and a perjurer besides. From this point of view the wife deserves no sympathy, even when the husband becomes what she politely calls a heartless brute. Would there have been any use for his affections had he possessed such? Few people are wholly bad, but most people are more sensitive to the atmosphere of approval or disapproval surrounding them than the dillard would be likely to imagine; and a multitude of people have the curious habit of answering to opinion, and becoming for the time being what those about them think they are. I do not believe even Galahad could have maintained the knightly mien with a wife who spoke of him to herself and others as a heartless brute. Again, this is not the language of decent women, and those who want sympathy either for themselves or their creations must endeavour to speak otherwise. As to the sympathetic soul that may sometimes be found in the person of another man, especially when he is another woman's husband, there is no suggestion in literature more abhorrent. There are conceivable cases where some excuse might be possible, but in the main such intimacies are furtive, disintegrating, degrading, they gnaw at the root of the tree of life. You cannot make a good story out of the like of that. If you must write on such lines, please, please do not drag Providence into the narrative, or imply that He will interfere to remove an objectionable husband and an inconvenient wife, so that Lilith and Percy may wed. Percy, who seems to be only a noodle, poor man, would get a very bad bargain, so I hope in all politeness that the story is mere invention.

Ada, Bristol.—An amiable and pious spirit infuses your verses, but they are not very striking, nor are they characterised by anything novel in thought or diction. The best set of verses are those beginning "Thou'rt tired"; these have some vitality. That entitled "O Death, where is thy sting?" has also merit, though your view of the Peace Messenger is quite different from mine. I cannot recall having ever thought Death anything but beautiful, the stateliest of all the angels.

PERSONAL.

A. E. C.—What you are paid is not sufficient to live on, and in view of your training you are qualified to earn more. There is a great advantage in being with an employer whom one likes and believes in, and if you lived on the premises I should hesitate to advise you to leave, but living by yourself it is indispensable that you be able to meet your current expenses. If the lady cannot increase your salary, and if it is so very inadequate, delay will not improve matters. If a neighbour's children joined with hers in taking lessons of you, that would meet the case for both of you. I fear business life is not any better paid, while the teacher's life is certainly safer and more dignified.

Careful.—Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons, 26, King Street, Covent Garden, London, are a well-known firm of wardrobe auctioneers. Where left-off clothing is sent to be sold in this way, it is well to make it up into various parcels, according to the kind of the garments and their quality, otherwise they may be lumped in one lot, and disposed of at a good deal less than their value. I have heard it said that flimsy things, such as summer or evening dresses, realise much more in view of their original cost than substantial warm garments. The latter can be usefully disposed of (if given gratis) by the Salvation Army, which anticipates a severe winter and many appeals from the poor. *A propos de bottles*, I wonder how it is that England's workless people are steadily on the increase. Perhaps you know; I think I do.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.



SEARCH QUESTIONS

Certain Cities

1. "Shall Athens sink, drop into dust, and die?"
2. "The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets."
3. "I know Assisi, this is holy ground."
4. "Grave Madrid, all fire and shine."
5. "Yonder sober, pleasant Fiesolè."
6. "Make Paradise of London if you can,
You're welcome, nay, you're wise."

In which of Robert Browning's Poems are these cities so described? A Prize of Five Shillings offered for first correct answer.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Third of Nine

- "I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,—
By telling truth."
1. "Well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye."
 2. "Little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself."
 3. "A discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty
spirit."
 4. "Were my worth, as in my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing."
 5. "I speak of Africa, and golden joys."
 6. "Five men to twenty! though the odds be
great,
I doubt not — of our victory."
 7. "A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow."

Find the initial of the omitted word in *Light 6*, and of all the names referred to in the other quotations. Give Act and Scene for each reference.

Five Guineas' worth of prizes for correct answers to the series of Acrostics. Competitors only joining now may send in answers to *First* and *Second*, along with *Third*. Each answer must be signed by a short "nom-de-plume." Scores will be printed from time to time—one mark being awarded for each light. All answers must be received by the 15th inst.

ON THE BOOK TABLE

(Books received: MR. MACINTYRE'S *Giordano Bruno*, Macmillan, 10s. J. BRIERLEY'S *Problems of Living*, Clarke, 6s. DR. MACKENZIE'S *Getting one's Bearings*, Revell & Co., 3s. 6d. A. LANG'S *Crimson Fairy Book*, 6s. A. S. WINSTON'S *Memoirs of a Child*, 2s. 6d.—both from Longmans. F. C. SPARHAWK'S *Honor Dutton*, 6s. G. LORIMER'S *Master of Millions*, 6s.—both from Revell & Co. HESBA STRETTON and H. L. SYNNOT'S *Good Words from the*

Apocrypha, Skeffingtons, 2s. 6d. P. Gibbs' *Knowledge is Power*, Arnold, 3s. 6d. J. OXENHAM'S *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. CUTLIFFE HYNÉ'S *McTodi*, Macmillan, 6s. H. MACGREGOR'S *Soutler's Lamp*, Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 6s.)

Mr. MacIntyre's book consists of two portions, a life of *Giordano Bruno*, with special reference to those years spent in England, and a study of the philosophy for which he died a martyr on the *Campo di Fiori* at Rome in February 1600, at the age of fifty-two. In his fifteenth year he had taken the habit of St. Dominic, but as his mind grew with his stature, his vows became as fetters, and fourteen years later, when charges of heresy threatened to take shape against him, he abandoned his monkish dress, resumed his baptismal name, and began those itinerant teachings of his philosophy through Europe which were only to end with his freedom. There was no security in the sixteenth century for any one bold enough to call in question views accepted by the majority, and sanctioned by the Church. In an evil day Bruno was drawn to Venice, by the specious invitation of a would-be pupil, who was, as it proved, but a decoy of the Inquisition. Arraigned before the Holy Office, says his biographer, "he proceeded to give an admirable statement of his philosophical creed which might well have fired the hearts of his judges." These judges, however, had already settled his fate—Rome demanded him, and accordingly, like the great apostle, to Rome he was sent as a prisoner. After seven years' inexplicable delay and imprisonment there, his trial was concluded, and he was handed over to the secular Governor of Rome with the usual recommendation, that he be punished "with as great clemency as possible, and without effusion of blood"—the formula for being burned at the stake. "Greater perhaps is your fear in pronouncing my sentence than mine in hearing it," he said to a former pupil who was amongst his judges, and went calmly to death. "That for which he died was not any special cult or any special interpretation of Scripture or history, but a broad freedom of thought with the right of free interpretation of history and of nature, which in his own case was founded upon a philosophy, one of the noblest that has been thought out by man." Modern Italy, tardily reversing the verdict of the mediæval Church, has erected a statue to his memory on the place where he suffered.

Mr. MacIntyre's book will take its place as the standard authority upon Bruno and his teaching—and to it we would refer students of philosophy.

Mr. Brierley (better known as J. B.) writes to the point on many *Problems of Living*. Those who study the questions he deals with, whether for

The Fireside Club

their own learning only, or because they must go further and teach, will recognise with thankfulness that he is no *cliché* monger, he has done more than handle the already well-pawed outer husk of his problems—he has got at the heart of them. "Much of what is written here," he says, "is an effort at re-statement." He is like a teacher who takes the slate covered with symbols half effaced by corrections and tears, and cleans it. How he works out, after re-stating such problems as *Life's Refusals*, *Our Wilderness Side*, *Religion's Silences*, and *The Moral Impossibles* (to name a few among many wise chapters), those interested are advised to read for themselves.

In *Getting One's Bearings* we have a volume of popular ethics—so axiomatic, trite and commonplace in style as scarcely to justify publication. Truisms may be usefully reiterated from the pulpit to illiterate hearers; but there ought to be a limit to the reprinting of them in book form.

Mr. Henry Ford's pictures in the *Crimson Fairy Book* are the loveliest things of their kind we have seen. The very end papers, delicate outline drawings of *Morning* and *Night*, call for repeated study, and one is proud, in admiring such of the colour plates as *Ilonka*, *She came smiling*, or *Sigurd and Helga by the Lake*, to think that these fine harmonies of colour were not made in Germany, but engraved and printed by English skill, at Bushey. To say that the fairy tales Mr. Lang has gathered and edited for this latest volume of his popular series are well worthy of these illustrations, is high praise.

Alice Winston's *Memoirs of a Child* is a delicate study of a child's first impressions of people and things in nursery days. There is much of a wild-flower grace about these memories, with a careful avoidance of exaggerated or heightened effects which makes them worthy of a place on the shelf beside the books of Mrs. Ewing and Kenneth Graham. Choosing at random, this passage from the chapter on Playthings has a musing charm. "In the mere outshining of light from within there was . . . something as it were vitalising to an object. This, and the added delight of colour, made Japanese lanterns, or still more perhaps candle-lit pasteboard boxes, fantastically cut out and lined with brilliant-hued tissue paper, seem to the child wonderfully beautiful. There was joy too in the thought that, as one carried them around after dusk in one's hand, one was in that deliciously careless way carrying fire in paper, which was thrilling to think of . . . also a vague feeling that fire itself had grown tame and friendly; and this was very pleasant."

Honor Dalton is a soundly-written and interesting story, whose characters develop during its course—and have sufficient life and variety to sustain the interest they attract from the first.

In the *Master of Millions* Mr. Lorimer describes the return of a public-spirited millionaire, disguised in a shabby appearance of poverty, to the friends and country of his youth. The story is melodramatic to an unwonted degree—one subsidiary character, to take an instance, being described as "of gigantic build, nearly seven feet in height, whose form at once suggested the Farnesian Hercules and the Apollo Belvedere, and whose head might have served as a model for an ideal Plato." Through some six hundred pages in

language as lavish, a host of oddly-named people and unusual incidents are portrayed, confusing the reader's attention by their superabundance. Mr. Lorimer suffers from the rare fault of having too much to say—both his style and matter could be greatly improved by slashing excisions.

The compilers of *Good Words from the Apocrypha* have brought together some spiritual and more worldly wisdom, together with sentences of nature-poetry from the fourteen books of the Apocrypha; such as: "*Blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words when thou givest anything.*" "*A man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower.*" "*Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God and could not out of the good things that are seen know Him that is.* For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures, proportionably the Maker of them is seen." The fine description of snow as birds flying, etc., is too well known to quote, as also the companion picture of the rainbow which ends with "*and the hands of the Most High have bended it.*" These and other sayings of great beauty are included in this little book, which should be in the hands of all who do not possess the Apocrypha itself.

Mr. Gibbs has gathered into a volume his essays from the pages of *Self Help* and other weekly papers. The scope of the volume, called *Knowledge is Power*, may be gathered from some of his opening sentences. "I propose, as far as my own experience will extend, to act as a guide along the Pilgrim's Way to Culture. . . . I want to gather round me all those young men and women who start as I started, as ignorant as an ordinary school education generally leaves one. . . . I shall show them how to avoid the snares and pitfalls on the way. . . . My guidance, such as it is, will be a practical one." How the idea of this personally-conducted pilgrimage would have captivated Jim Pinkerton, that worshipper of culture! Such a "monster olio of attractions" would have taken his sympathies by storm. To speak seriously, Mr. Gibbs' book does appeal to enthusiasts of the Pinkerton type. His unhesitating opinions colloquially expressed exactly fit the measure of their need. Other readers will attach greater weight to the interspersed fruits of his experience of life, an experience as shrewdly observed as it is wide in range.

Barbe of Grand Bayou is a picturesque tale of the life of a French lighthouse-keeper's daughter, a modern daughter of Sestos, whose happier Leander, for love, successfully braves many thrilling adventures. A capital story.

In *McTodd* Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne tells his stories from the skilful Scotch engineer's point of view. McTodd is not so attractive a narrator as Captain Kettle—he is an unsavoury creature, to be listened to at arm's length—but most of the tales he tells are new, of lively interest, and in particular the story of how he made the ice-bound barque *Gleaner*, 500 tons, dive from a sixty-foot ice-cliff back into the sea, is breathless reading.

The Souter's Lamp is the first in a volume of stories in Scottish dialect by Hector MacGregor. They are homely in theme and pathetic in treatment—revealing unsuspected wells of sentiment under that ungracious hardness of manner which is supposed to be typically Scotch. The characters strike us as being carefully drawn from life.

Our Chess Page

New Problem Tourney. Six Guineas in Prizes Gold and Silver Medals to be won

PROBLEM TOURNEY

BRITISH SECTION.—Four prizes: **Two Guineas and One Guinea** are offered for the best three-movers, and **Fifteen Shillings and Livesey's New Collapsible Chessboard and Men** for the best two-movers.

Colonial and Foreign Section.—Three prizes: **Thirty-five Shillings and Ten Shillings** respectively are offered for the best three-movers, and **Livesey's Collapsible Chessboard and Men** for the best two-mover.

Conditions.—Problems sent in for competition must be the unaided work of the senders, and must not previously have been published, must be in diagram form, and accompanied by a complete solution, giving all the leading variations, clearly written in any recognised notation.

Both diagram and solution must be on one piece of paper, which must be headed by a *nom de plume*.

The name and address of each competitor must be sent in a sealed envelope with the *nom de plume* written outside.

No composer will be allowed to take more than one prize.

The last day for sending in the problems will be April 15, 1904, for all competitors.

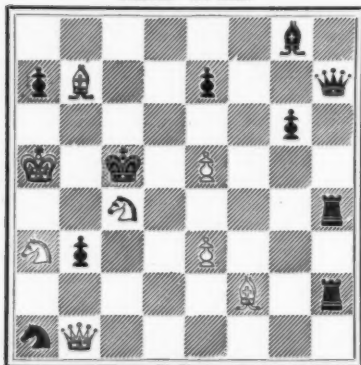
Livesey's Collapsible Chessboard, which we are offering as prizes, can hardly be too highly commended for its ingenuity and for its usefulness, especially for travellers and invalids. It folds up like a portfolio, measuring when closed 9 by 6 inches; the weight is about 9 ozs. On its being opened the men assume an upright position, as on an ordinary board, and they are so firmly fixed that no movement, however severe, can disarrange them. It is published by Messrs. Jaques and Son, at the price of 7s. 6d.

Gold and Silver Medals

WE are offering two medals, one Gold and one Silver, to the two of our readers who are most successful in solving all the problems, whether given in special competitions or not, to be published during the year, November 1903 to October 1904.

No. 7.—By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK—10 MEN



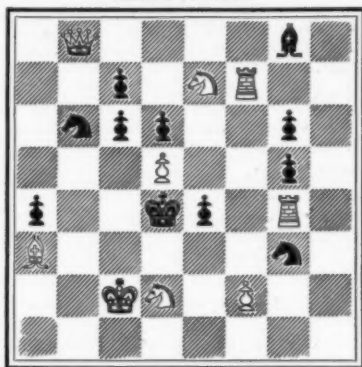
WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

260

No. 8.—By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK—11 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

For conditions see *The Leisure Hour* for November or December.

For the Medals Competition solutions to the above problems (Nos. 7 and 8) must be sent in before February 15, 1904.

An amusing game played at the City of London Chess Club:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. S. J. Stevens.	Mr. X.—	Mr. S. J. Stevens.	Mr. X.—
P—K 4.	P—K 4.	Kt—B 3.	P—B 5.
Kt—K B 3.	Kt—Q B 3.	B—B 2.	P—Q Kt 3.
B—B 4.	Kt—B 3.	Kt—Q 5.	B—Kt 2.
Castles.	B—B 4.	R—K 1.	P—B 6.
P—Q B 3.	Castles.	Kt—K 7 ch.	K—R 1.
P—Q 4.	P×P.	P×P.	B×P.
P—K 5.	Kt—K 1.	Q—Q 3.	P—B 4.
P×P.	B—K 2.	Q×B.	R—B 3.
P—Q 5.	Kt—R 4.	Kt—Kt 5.	Q—K 1.
B—Q 3.	P—Q B 4.	B—Kt 2.	Q—B 1.
P—Q 6.	Kt×P.	Q—K R 3.	R—K R 3.
P×Kt.	B—B 3.	Kt—Kt 6 ch.	Mate in 4

MOVES.

SOLVING TOURNEY (1903)

FOREIGN AWARD.

Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**:—

ARTHUR CHARLICK, Rose Park, South Australia.

Highly Commended, in order of merit:—

MIRZA KAWASJI EDALJI (Bombay) and E. W. DAMANT (Montreal).

Several chess columns are calling attention to the fact that Mr. R. G. Thomson's prize two-mover, *Liliputian*, contains the same theme as a problem by Mrs. Baird which was published by us in 1901, and was also a prize-winner under the judgeship of the late Mr. E. B. Schwann. Needless to say, the coincidence is purely accidental, and, after all, there is a wide difference between the two styles of treatment.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Eisteddfod Ticket* from the Contents page.



FAVOURITE CATS

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Elsteddfod

Photos by—

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN

M. A. C. HEAD

R. J. ELDRIDGE

ETHEL A. WOOD

J. CHAPMAN

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Postcard Competition: Result

MY FAVOURITE NEW BOOK.

First Prize: A Five Shilling Book:

MISS F. BURY, c/o 77 St. Mary's Road, Mannington, Bradford.

Two Second Prizes: A 3s. 6d. Book each:

WILLIAM COGAR, 43 Bedford Road, St. Ives;
MISS G. JOHNSTON, Northlands, Winchester.

Very Highly Commended:

EDITH M. GALLAWAY, Leamington Spa; MARY C. HARWOOD, Colchester; H. BRIGGS, Andover; J. H. CRILLY, Highgate, N.; MISS PETERS, West Kensington.

Highly Commended:

MRS. H. SIMPSON, MISS WALKER, MISS F. WALKER, I. K. CAMPBELL, MRS. CATTERMOLLE, FLORRIE BIRD.

The new books which were supported by the ablest statement of reasons for the choice were:

MORLEY'S *Life of Gladstone*.
Mankind in the Making. By H. G. WELLS.
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. MERRIMAN.
Three Girls on a Ranch. By BESSIE MARCHANT.
The Roadmender. By MICHAEL FAIRLESS.
The Five Nations. By RUDYARD KIPFLING.
The Life of Sir James Paget.

Under the She-Oaks. By E. BOYD BAYLY.
Gripped. By SILAS HOCKING.
Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son.

Vanity Fair and even *The Sky Pilot* could hardly be called "new books."

A NEW COMPETITION

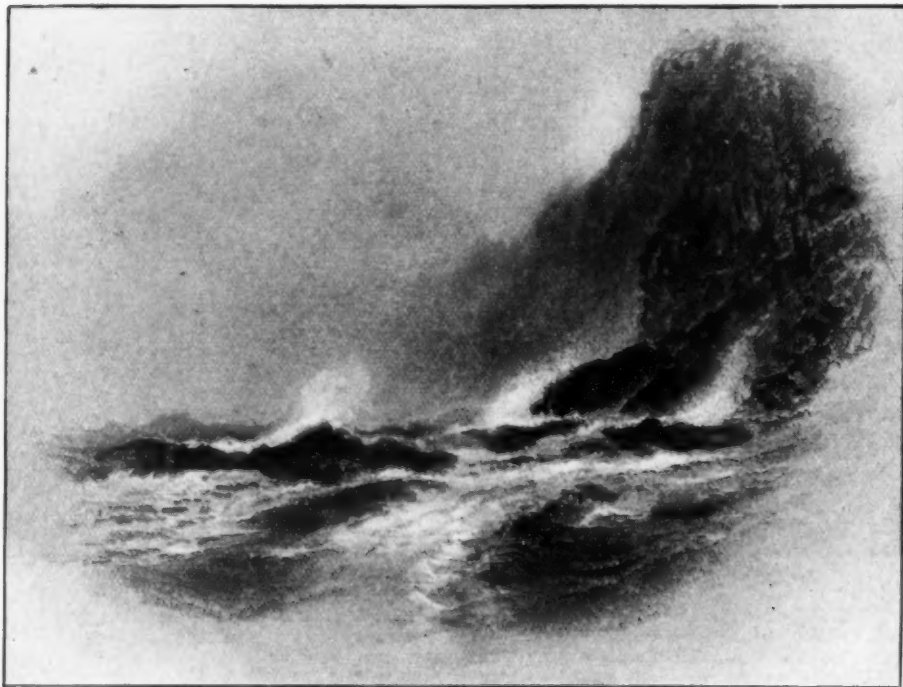
A First Prize of **One Guinea**,
A Second Prize of **Half-a-Guinea**, and
Four Third Prizes of **Half-a-Crown** each

are offered for

THE BEST POSTCARD RECOMMENDING
THE LEISURE HOUR.

RULES

1. The postcard must be sent to a friend who does not at present purchase *The Leisure Hour*.
2. It must bear postmark, as evidence that it has actually been sent.
3. It may be sent to us either by the sender or the receiver, and must bear (in address and in signature) the names of both.
4. The postcard should give the reasons why the writer of it recommends *The Leisure Hour*.
5. It is to be enclosed in an envelope, marked on the outside *Eisteddfod*, and to be sent to the Editor, *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie St., London, E.C., not later than January 12, 1904.





FAVOURITE DOGS

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Elsteddfod

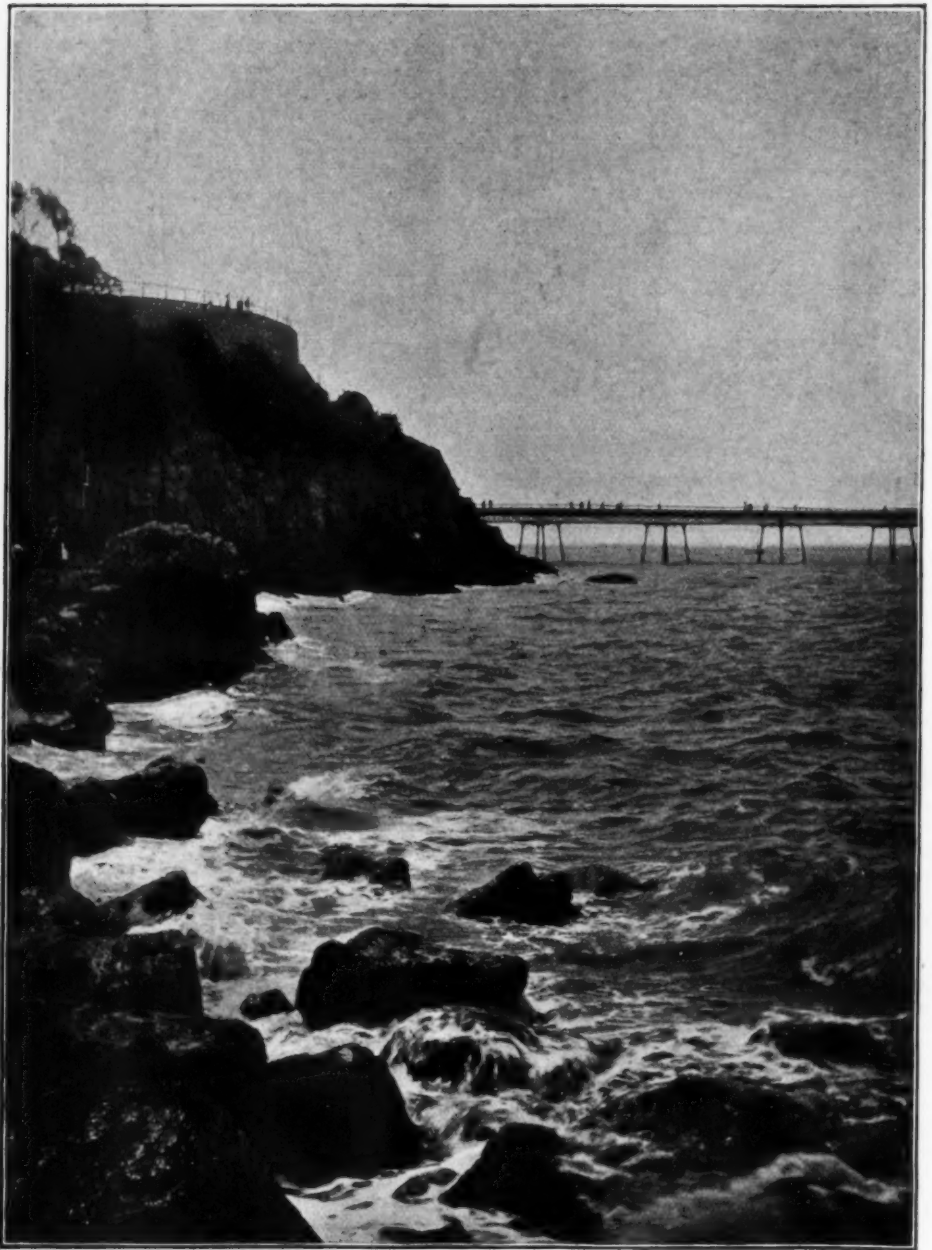
"MY DOGGIE." BY R. W. COPEMAN

"WAITING." BY F. GETTY

"OLIVE." BY CARRIE PERCIVAL WISEMAN

"DARBY AND JOAN." BY JOHN PALMER

"DEAR OLD ROVER." BY L. M. LE MESURIER



Photo, "The Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod, by

Mrs. E. C. Copeman

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